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WINNER'S

MUSICAL PRESENT.

FOR THE

ORGAN OR PIANO.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

SEP. WINNER.

PHILADELPHIA:
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CARD.

THE constant and increasing demand for popular music at a reasonable rate which will adapt itself to the wants of the people has led the editor to collect in a convenient and cheap form the popular favorites which constitute this book.

With a view of meeting all tastes he has endeavored to make the collection comprehensive, embracing old favorites as well as new, arranging them so as to be equally available for the Organ or Piano.

He has made it his especial study to present such compositions as, whilst they please, will not tend to lower the standard of taste, with the hope that they may be of service in the study as well as the practice of music, affording entertainment and pleasure in the domestic pastime of the home circle.

THE EDITOR.

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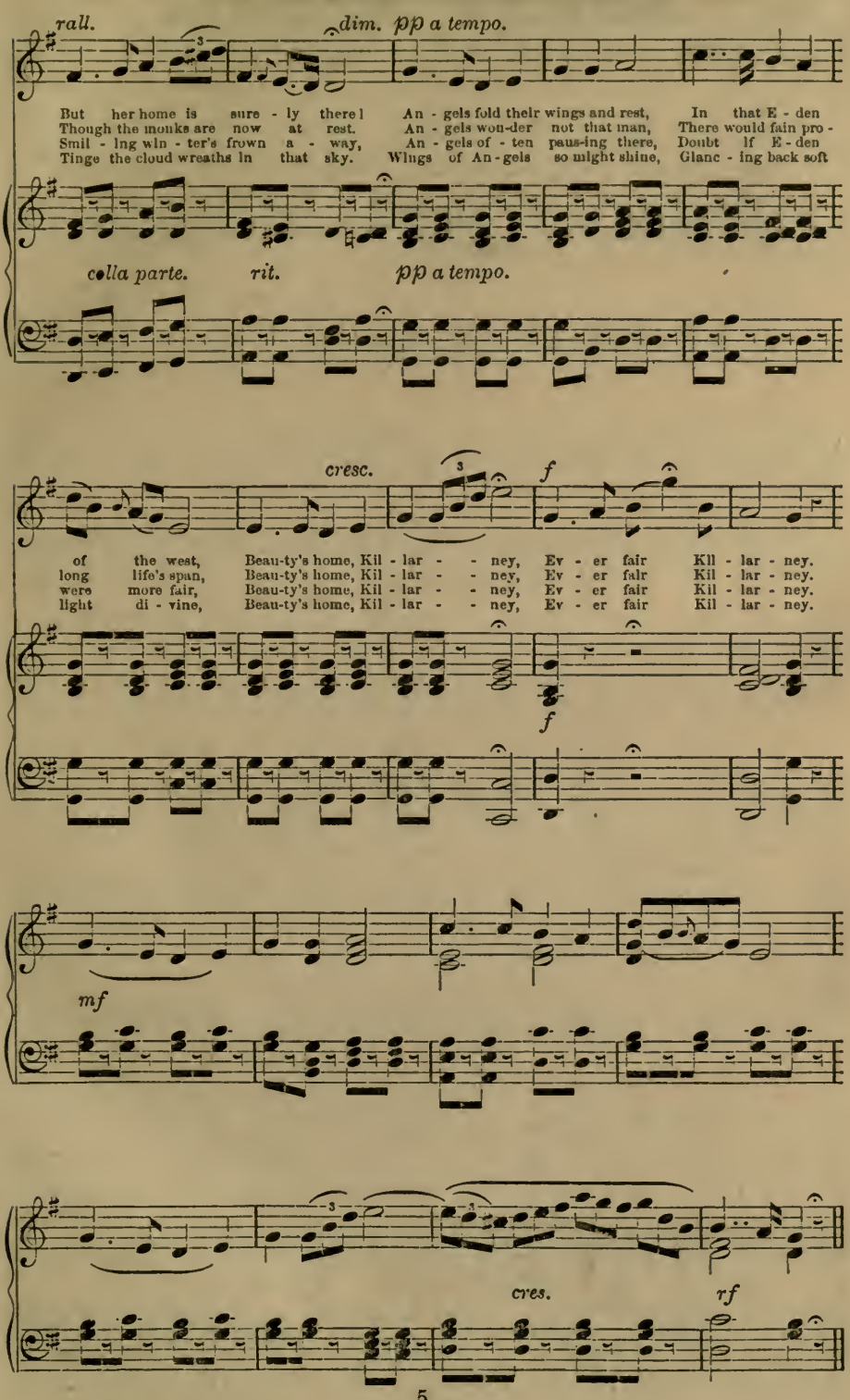
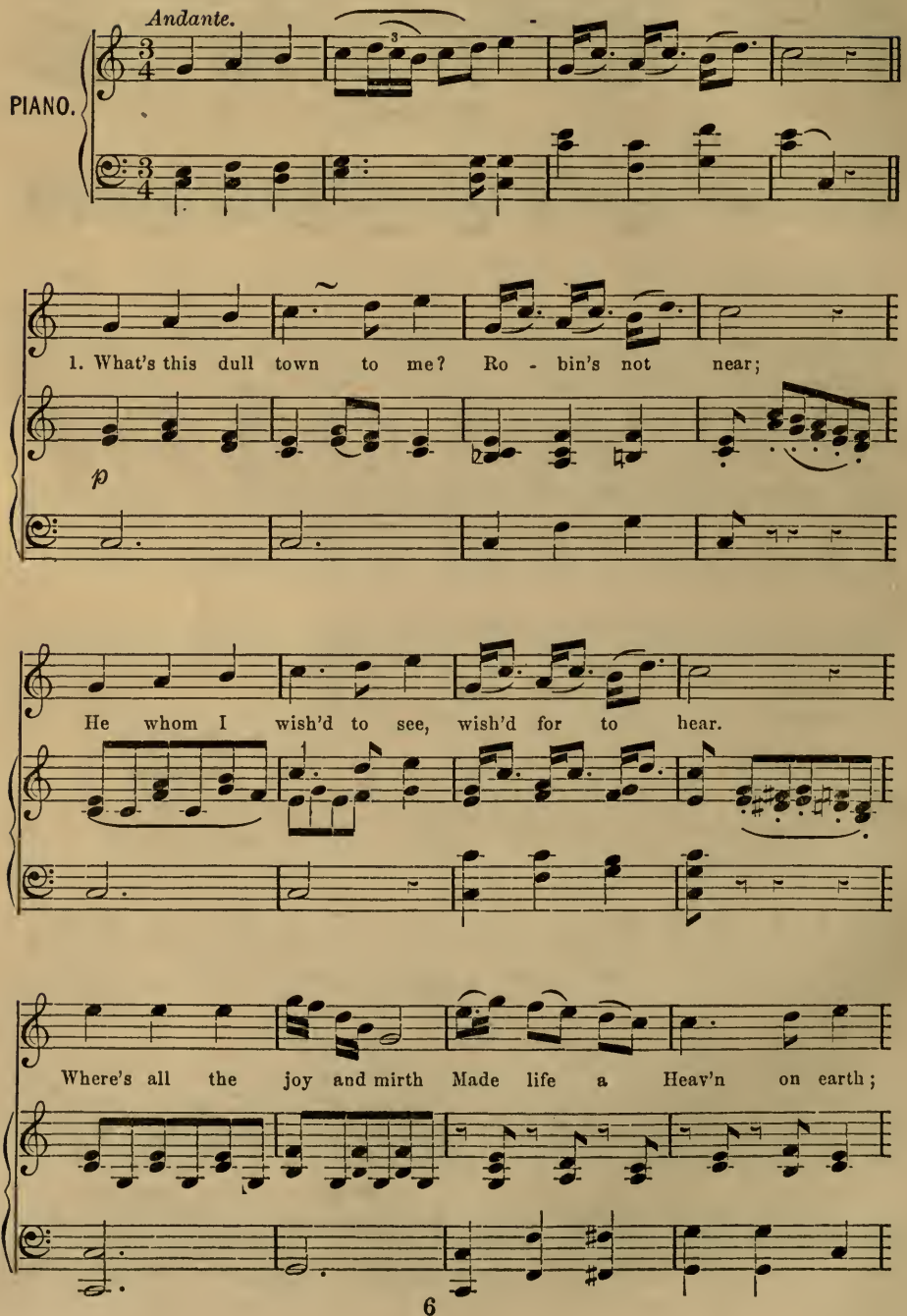
KILLARNEY.

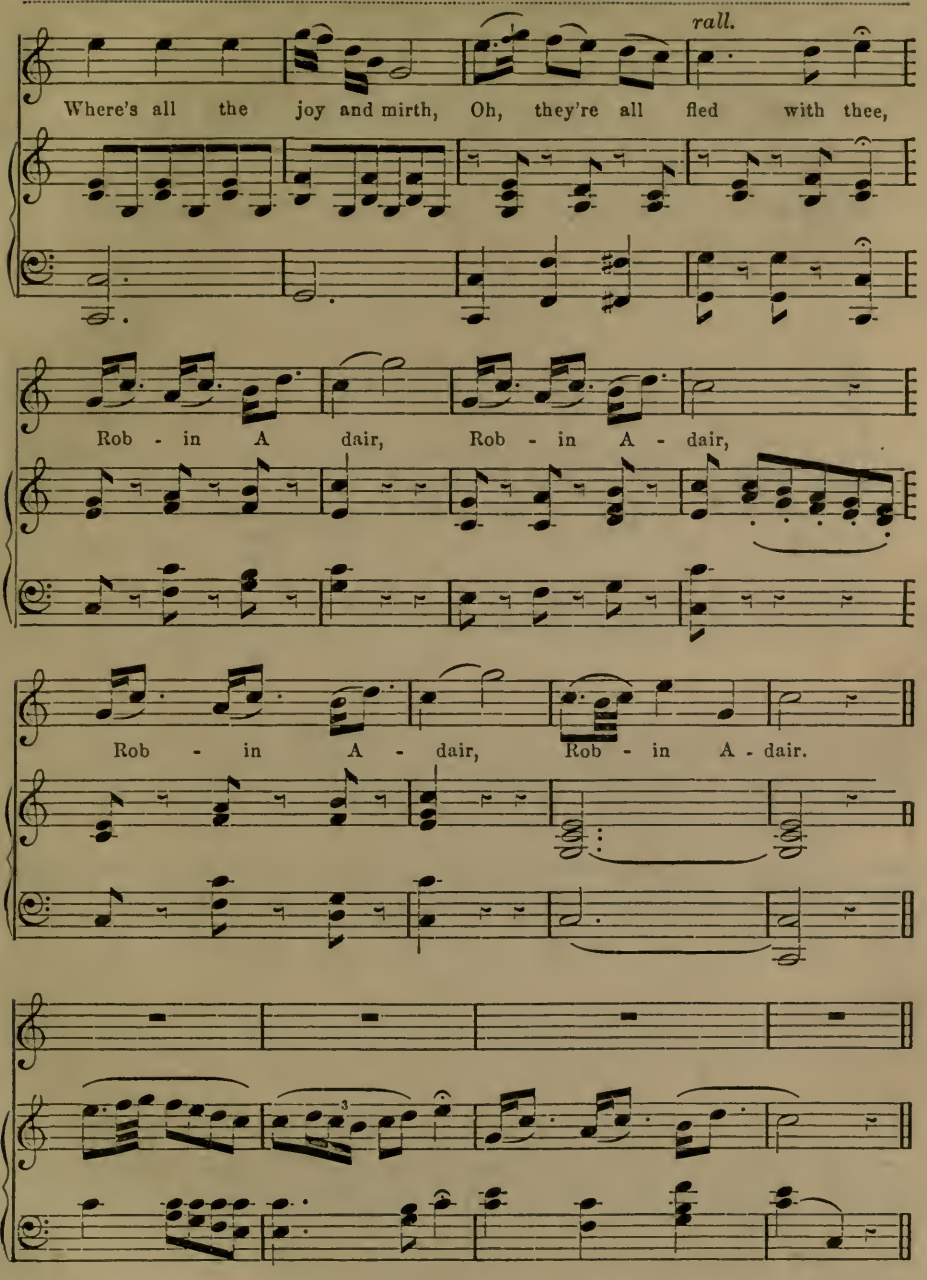
By M. W. BALFE.

Moderato.
PIANO.
p
1 By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em'-rald isles and wind-ing bays, Moun-tain paths and
2 In-nis-fal-len's ru-in'd shrine May sug-gest a pass-ing sigh, But man's faith can
3 No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va-ried tints, Ev'-ry rock that
4 Mu-sic there for e-cho dwells, Makes each sound a har-mo-ny, Ma-ny voic'd the
woodland dells, Mem-'ry ev-er fond-ly strays, Boun-teous nature
ne'er de-cline Such God's won-ders float-ing by, Cas-tle Lough and
you pass by, Ver-dure broi-ders or besprints. Vir-gin there the
cho-rus swells, Till it faints in ec-sta-sy. With the charmful
sf
pp
loves all land; Beau-ty wan-ders ev'-ry-where, Footprints leaves on ma-ny strands,
Gle-na bay, Moun-tains Tore and Ea-gle's Nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray,
green grass grows, Ev'-ry morn springs na-tal day, Brighthued ber-ries daff the snows,
tints be-low, Seems the Heav'n a-bove to vie, All rich col-ors that we know,


rall.
dim. pp a tempo.
But her home is sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den
Though the monks are now at rest. An - gels won-der not that man, There would fain pro -
Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way, An - gels of - ten paus-ing there, Doubt if E - den
Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky. Wings of An - gels so might shine, Glanc - ing back soft
colla parte.
rit.
pp a tempo.
cresc.
f
of the west, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
long life's span, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
were more fair, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
light di - vine, Beau-ty's home, Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
f
mf
cres.
rf

ROBIN ADAIR.


Andante.
PIANO.
1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near;
p
He whom I wish'd to see, wish'd for to hear.
Where's all the joy and mirth Made life a Heav'n on earth;



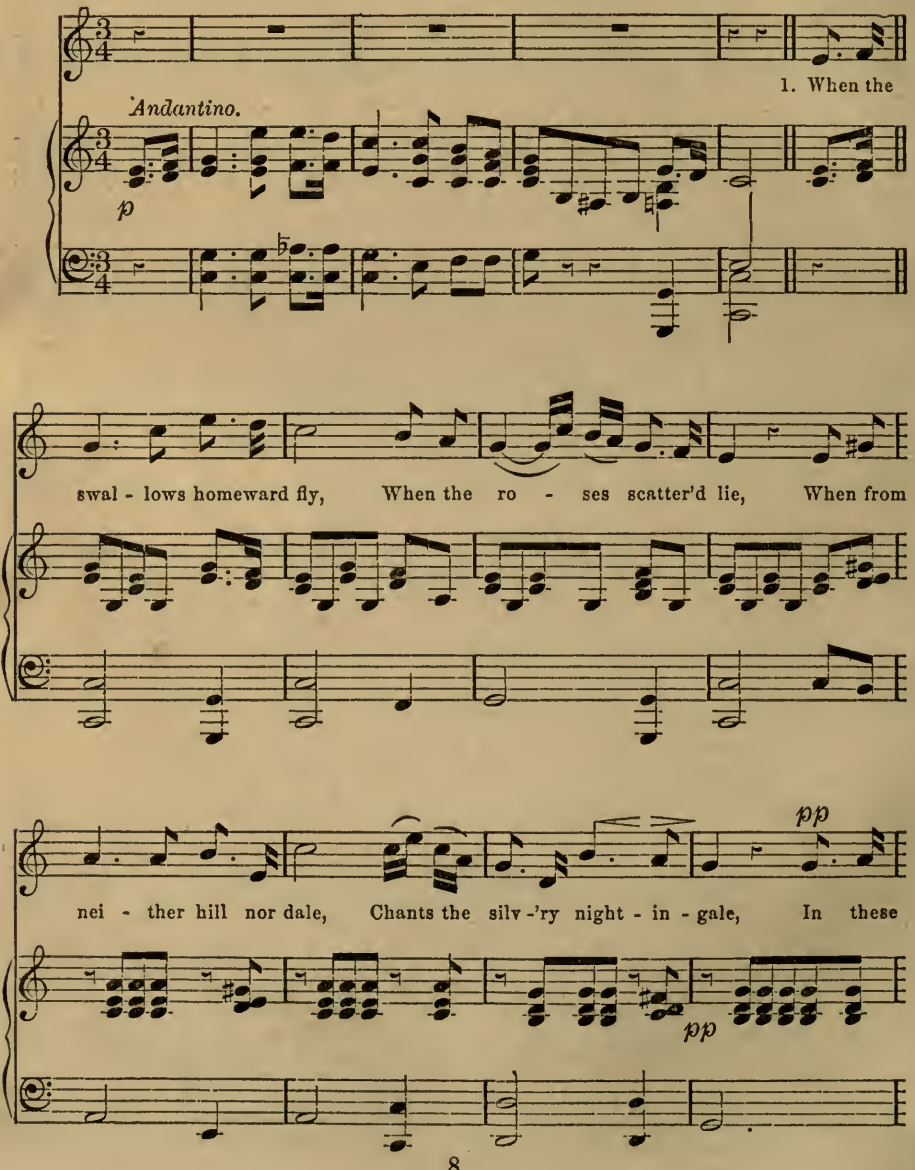
2 What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin Adair.
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore,
What when the play was o'er?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair.

3 But now thou'rt far from me,
Robin Adair.
But now I never see
Robin Adair.
Yet him I loved so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Yet him I loved so well,
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

AGATHE.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

English words by F. H. GORDON. Music by FRANCIS ABT.


Andantino.
p
1. When the
swal - lows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scatter'd lie, When from
pp
nei - ther hill nor dale, Chants the silv-'ry night - in - gale, In these
pp

rit.
ten. pp tempo.
words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief im - part, When I
rit.
pp tempo.
thus thy i - mage lose, Can I, ah! can I
sf
ad lib.
e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose.
sf
ad lib.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

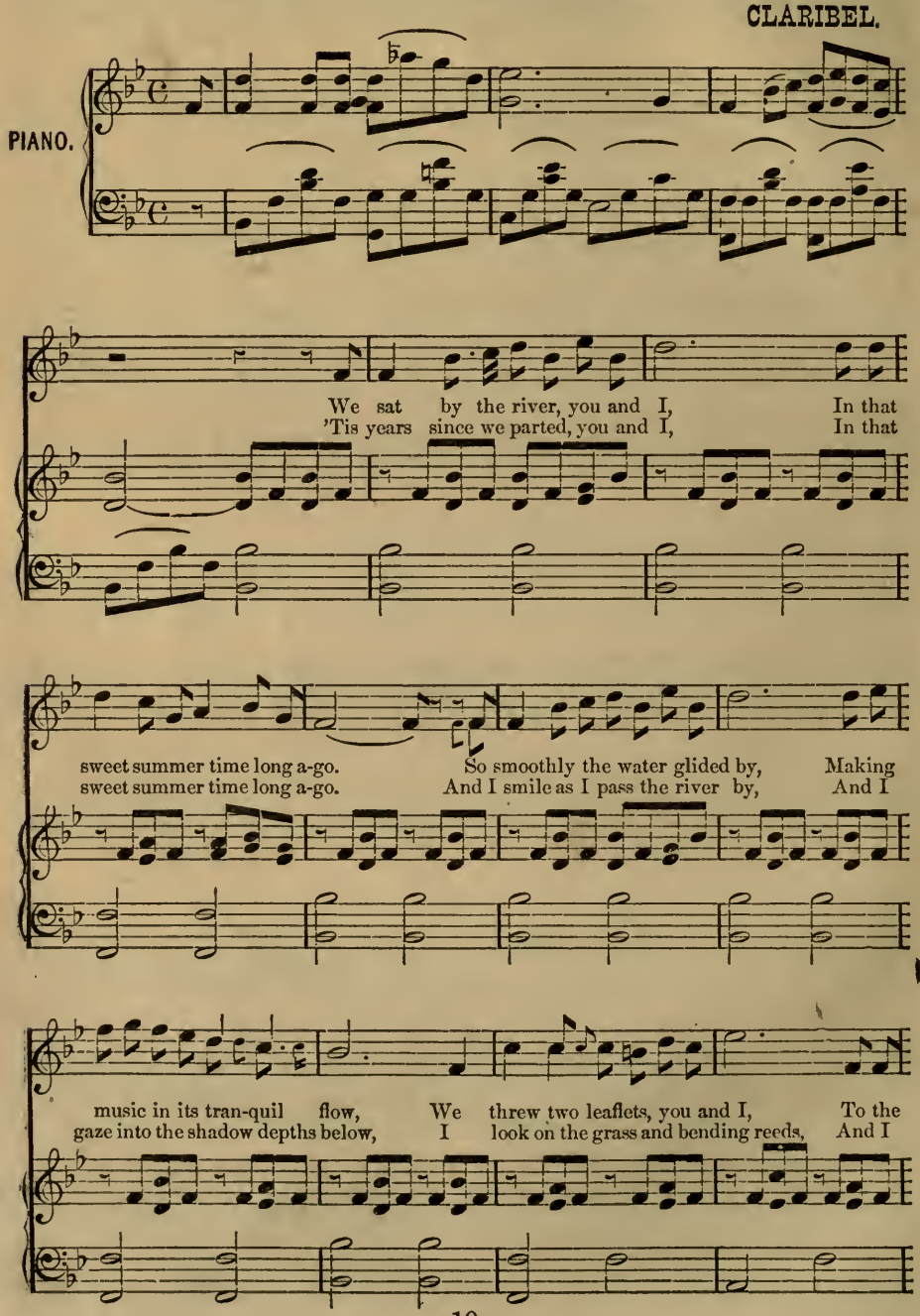
2 When the white swan southward roves,
There to seek the orange groves,
When the red tints of the west
Prove the sun has gone to rest;
In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart,
When I thus thy image lose,
Can I, ah! can I e'er know repose?

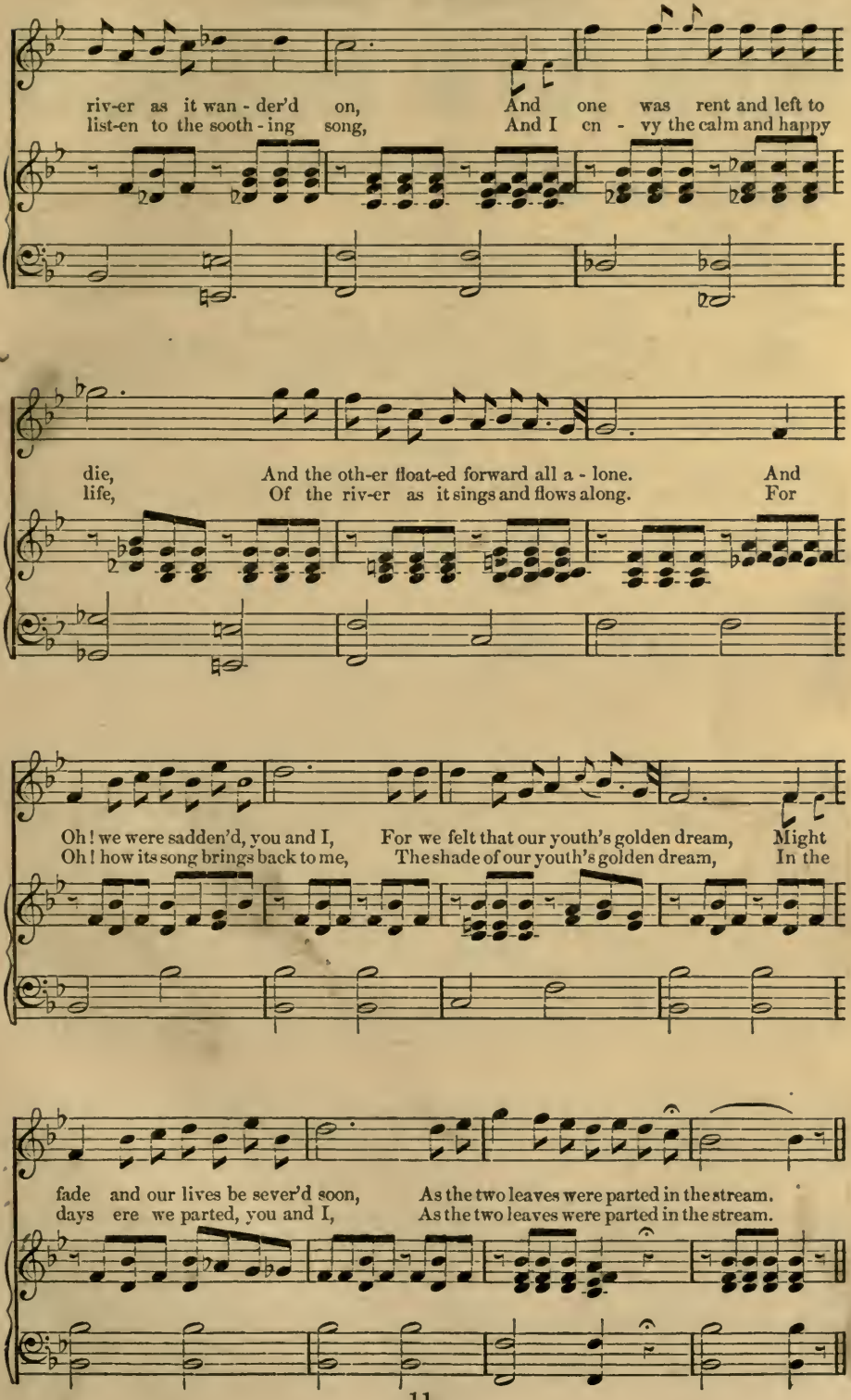
3 Hush! my heart, why thus complain?
Thou must too, thy woes contain;
Though on earth no more we rove
Loudly breathing vows of love;
Thou my heart must find relief,
Yielding to these words, belief:
I shall see thy form again,
Though to-day we part in pain.

WE SAT BY THE RIVER.

(YOU AND I.)

CLARIBEL.


PIANO.
We sat by the river, you and I, In that
'Tis years since we parted, you and I, In that
sweet summer time long a-go. So smoothly the water glided by, Making
sweet summer time long a-go. And I smile as I pass the river by, And I
music in its tran-quil flow, We threw two leaflets, you and I, To the
gaze into the shadow depths below, I look on the grass and bending reeds, And I

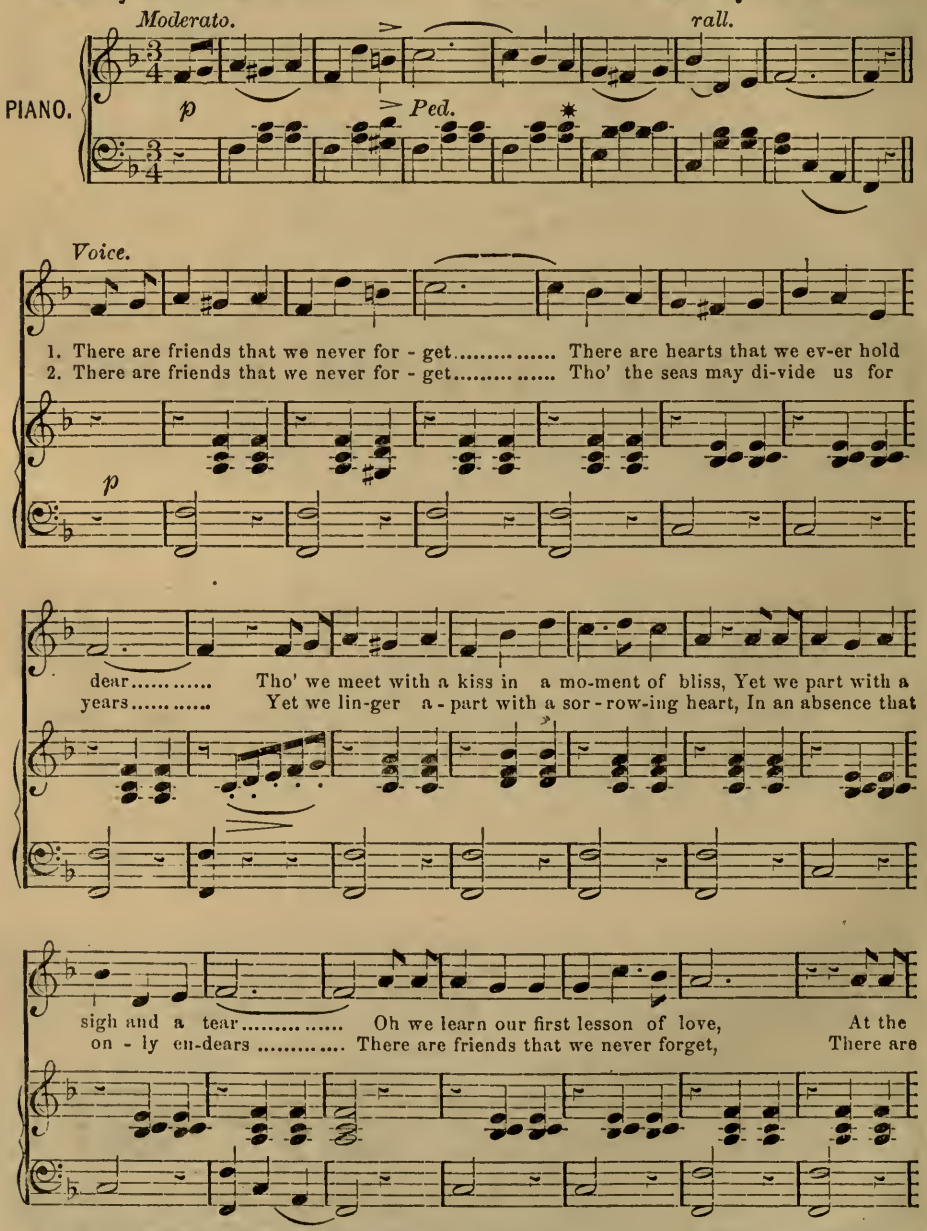

riv-er as it wan - der'd on, And one was rent and left to
list-en to the sooth - ing song, And I en - vy the calm and happy
die, And the oth-er float-ed forward all a - lone. And
life, Of the riv-er as it sings and flows along. For
Oh! we were sadden'd, you and I, For we felt that our youth's golden dream, Might
Oh! how its song brings back to me, The shade of our youth's golden dream, In the
fade and our lives be sever'd soon, As the two leaves were parted in the stream.
days ere we parted, you and I, As the two leaves were parted in the stream.

THERE ARE

FRIENDS THAT WE NEVER FORGET.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words by ALICE HAWTHORNE. Music by SEP. WINNER.


Moderato.
rall.
PIANO.
p
Ped.
Voice.
1. There are friends that we never for - get..... There are hearts that we ev-er hold
2. There are friends that we never for - get..... Tho' the seas may di-vide us for
p
dear..... Tho' we meet with a kiss in a mo-ment of bliss, Yet we part with a
years..... Yet we lin-ger a - part with a sor - row-ing heart, In an absence that
sigh and a tear..... Oh we learn our first lesson of love, At the
on - ly en-dears ..... There are friends that we never forget, There are

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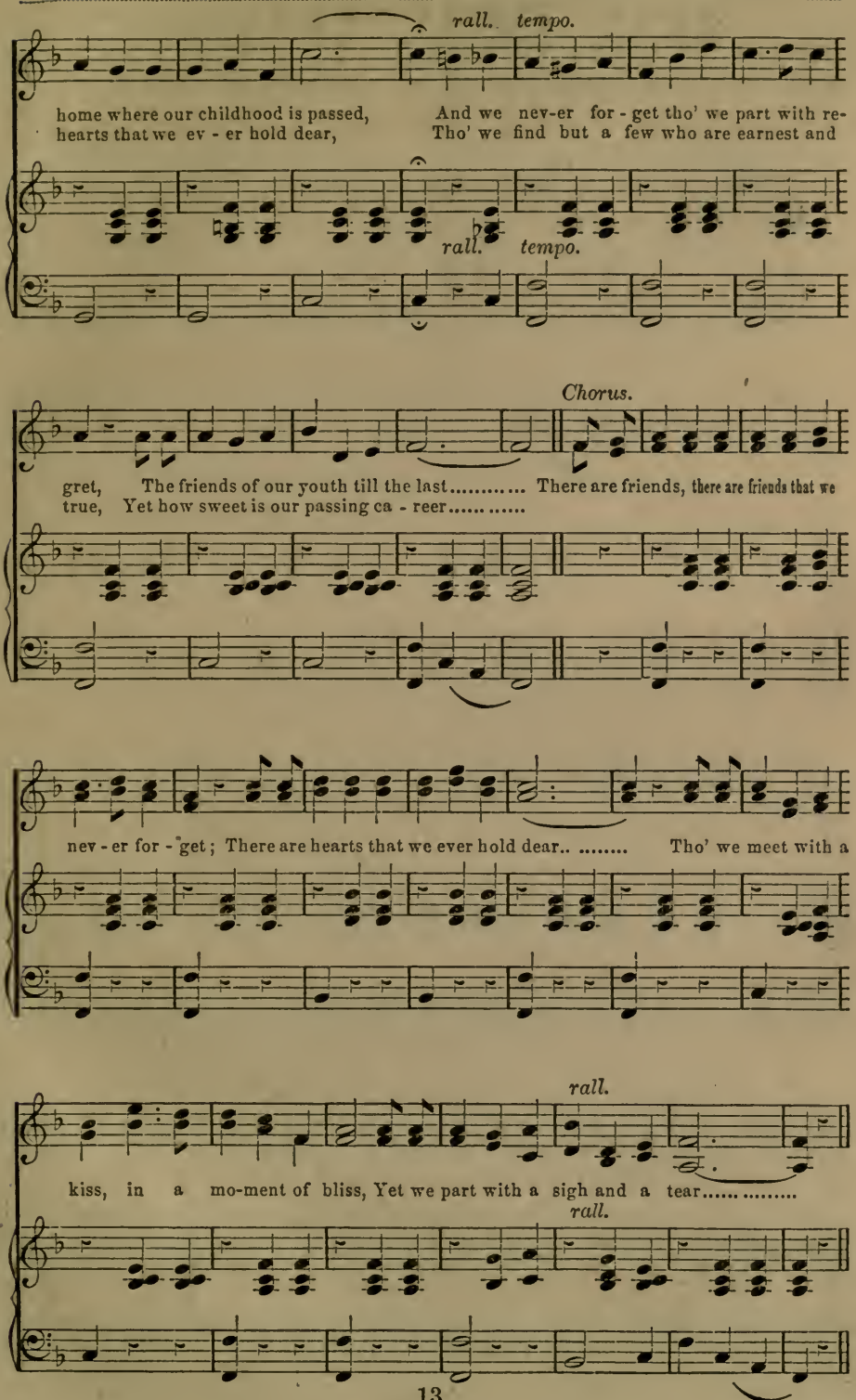
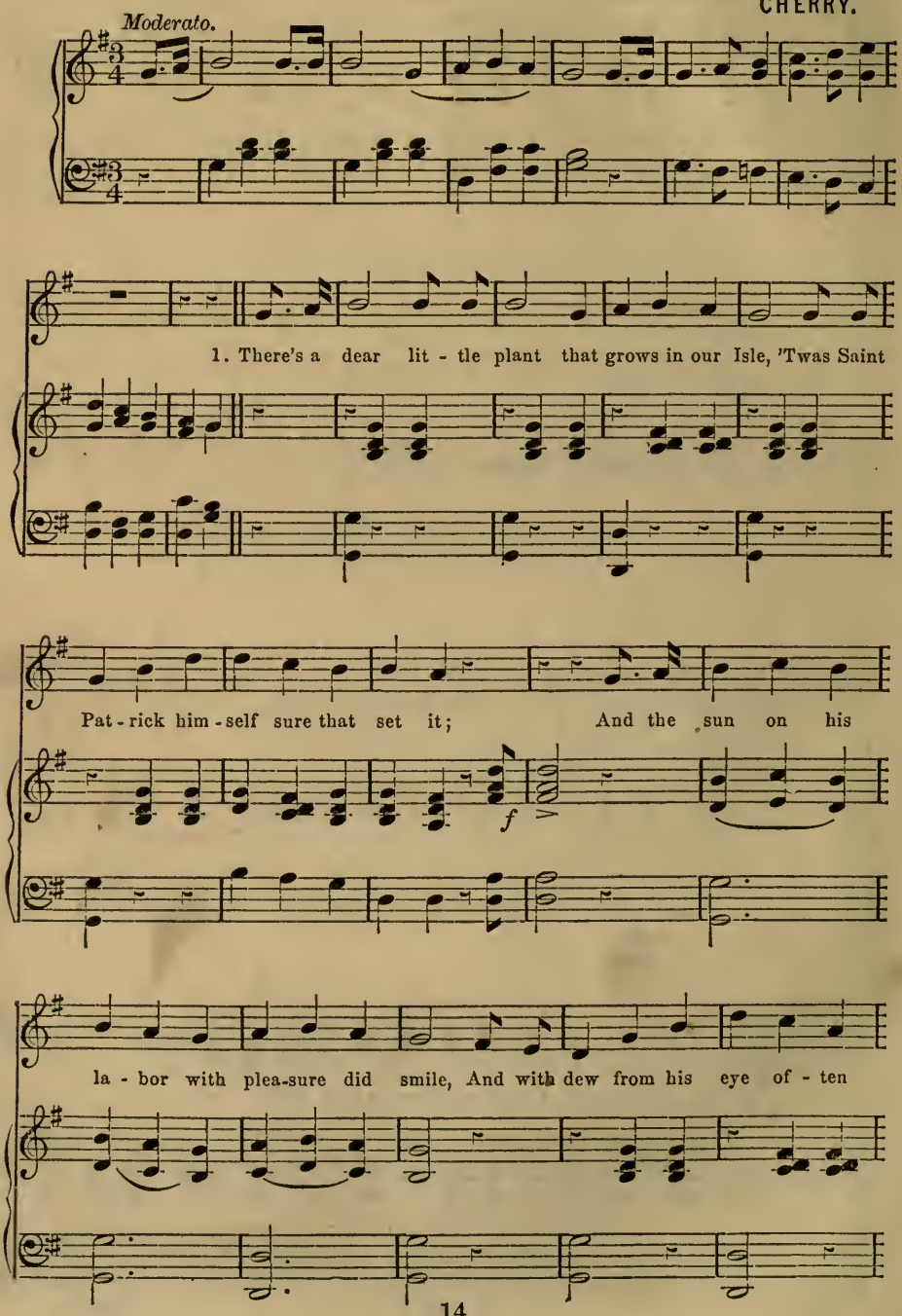
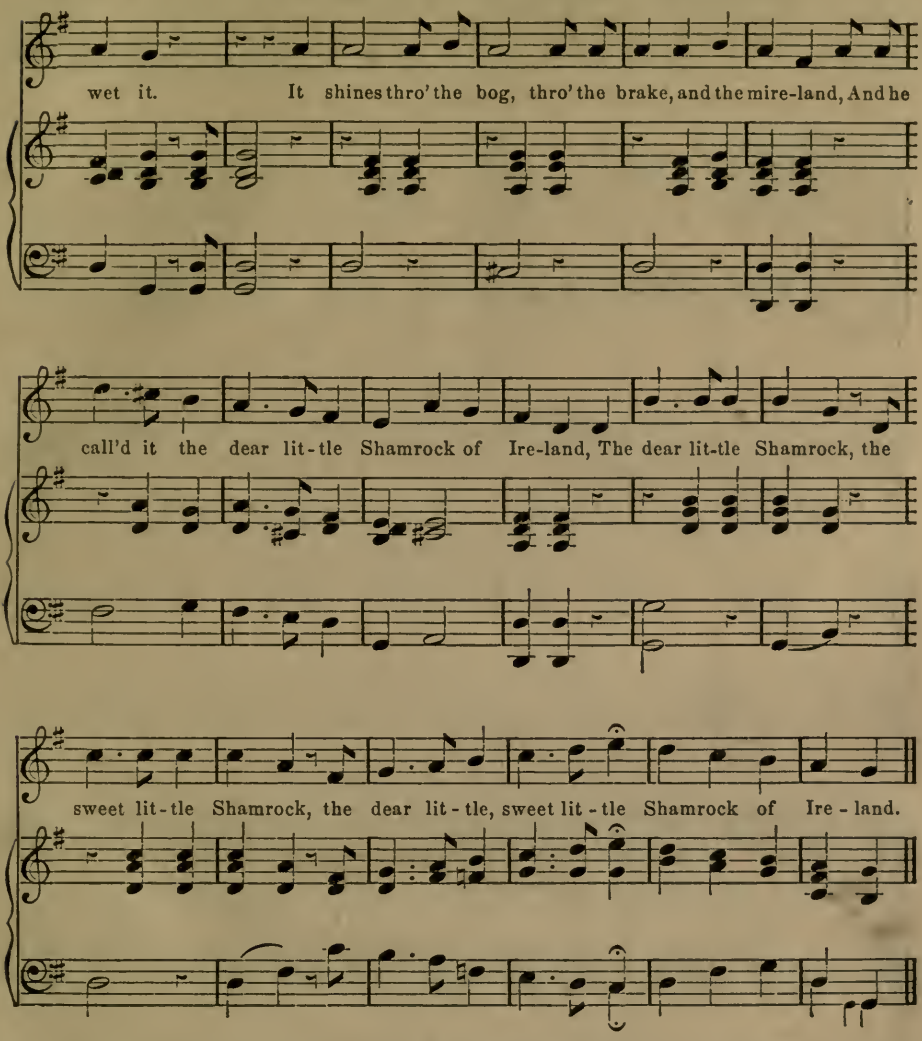

rall. tempo.
home where our childhood is passed, And we nev-er for - get tho' we part with re-
hearts that we ev - er hold dear, Tho' we find but a few who are earnest and
rall. tempo.
Chorus.
gret, The friends of our youth till the last..... There are friends, there are friends that we
true, Yet how sweet is our passing ca - reer.....
nev - er for - get; There are hearts that we ever hold dear.. ..... Tho' we meet with a
rall.
kiss, in a mo-ment of bliss, Yet we part with a sigh and a tear.....
rall.

THE

DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

CHERRY.


Moderato.
1. There's a dear lit - tle plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas Saint
Pat - rick him - self sure that set it; And the sun on his
f
la - bor with plea-sure did smile, And with dew from his eye of - ten


wet it. It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, And he
call'd it the dear lit-tle Shamrock of Ire-land, The dear lit-tle Shamrock, the
sweet lit-tle Shamrock, the dear lit-tle, sweet lit-tle Shamrock of Ire-land.

2

That dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin;
Whose smiles can bewitch and whose eyes can command,
In each climate they ever appear in.
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' brake, and the mireland,
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland,
The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

3

That dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended;
Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland,
From one root should branch like the Shamrock of Ireland,
The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

TAKE BACK THE HEART.

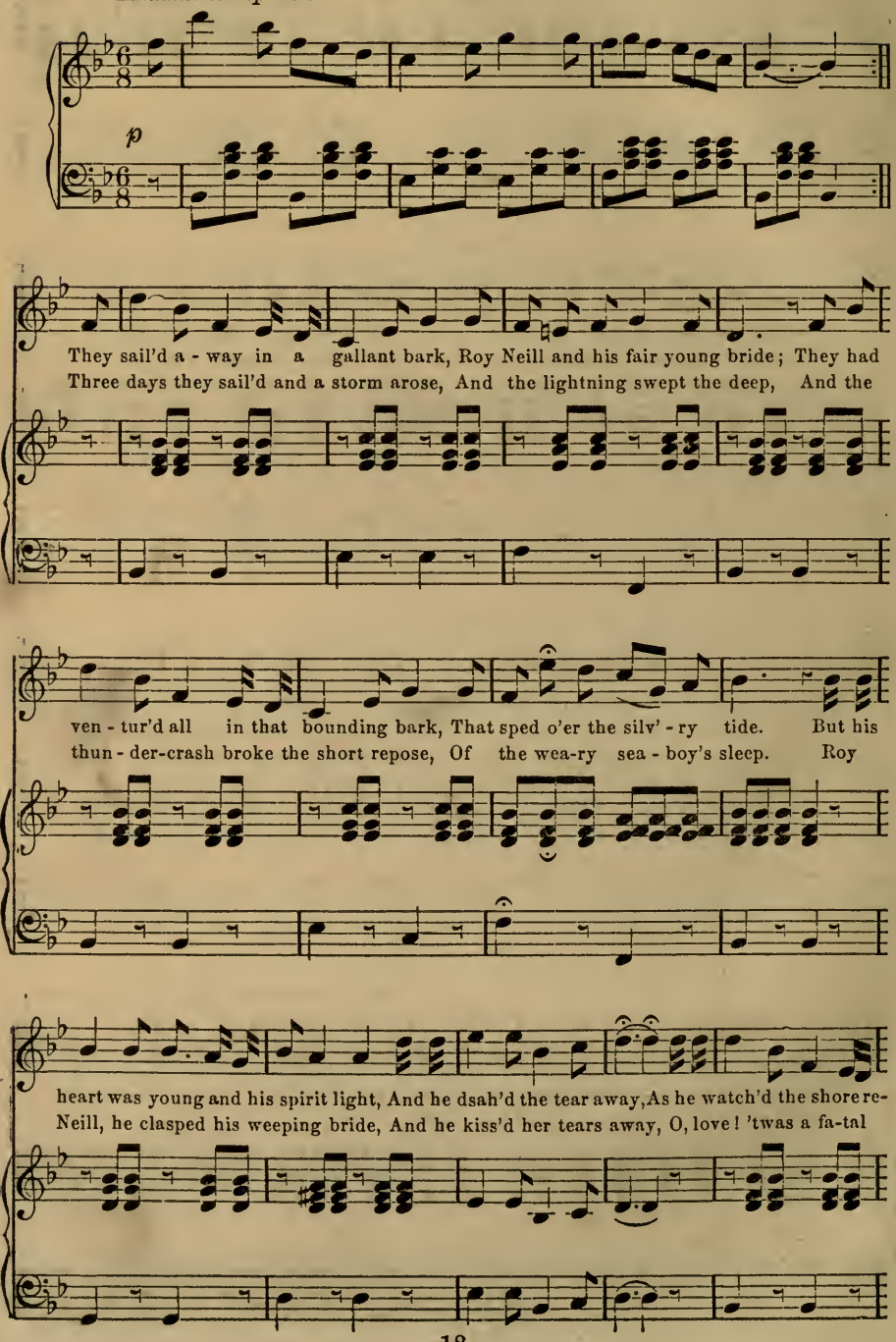
Composed by CLARIBEL.

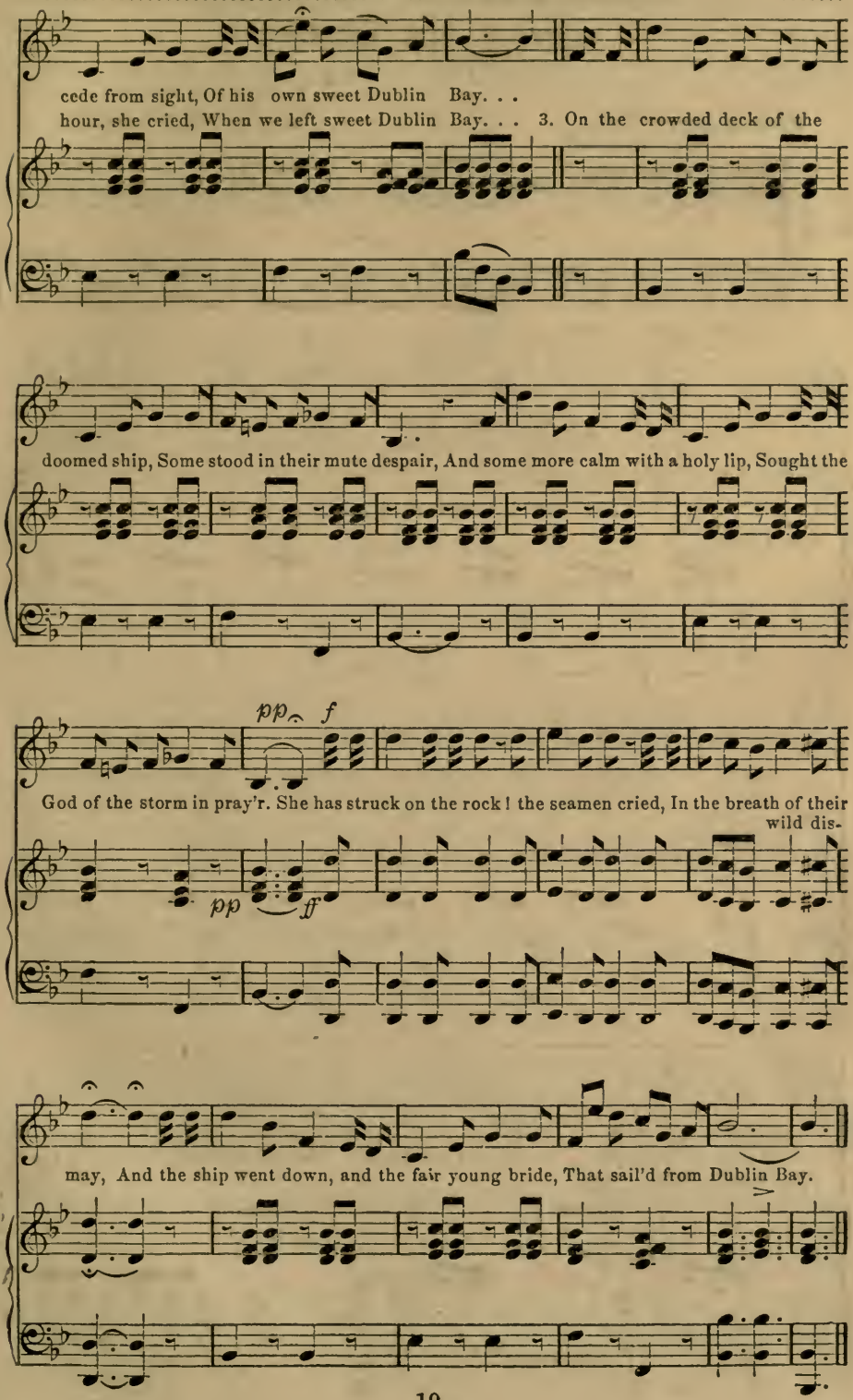
Allegretto.
mf
1. Take back the heart that thou ga - vest, What is my anguish to thee? . .
2. Then when at last o - ver ta - - ken, Time flings its fetters o'er thee, . . .
p
. . . . Take back the freedom thou cra - vest, Leaving the fet-ters to
. . . . Come with a trust still un - sha - ken, Come back a cap-tive to
sf
dim.
me, ... Take back the vows thou hast spo - ken, Fling them a -
me, ... Come back in sad - ness or sor - row, Once more my

side and be free, ... Smile o'er each pi - ti - ful to - - ken,
dar - ling to be, ... Come as of old, love, to bor - row,
rall.
Leaving the sorrow for me . . . . . Drink deep of life's fond il - lu -
Glimpses of sunlight from me . . . . . Love shall resume her do - min -
rall.
sion, Gaze on the storm-cloud and flee, . . . Swift-ly thro' strife and con -
ion, Striving no more to be free, . . . When on her world wea-ry
1
2
fu - sion, Leaving the burden to me.
pin - ion, Flies back my lost love to me.
rit.

DUBLIN BAY.

Andante con spirito.


p
They sail'd a - way in a gallant bark, Roy Neill and his fair young bride; They had
Three days they sail'd and a storm arose, And the lightning swept the deep, And the
ven - tur'd all in that bounding bark, That sped o'er the silv' - ry tide. But his
thun - der-crash broke the short repose, Of the wea-ry sea - boy's sleep. Roy
heart was young and his spirit light, And he dsah'd the tear away, As he watch'd the shore re-
Neill, he clasped his weeping bride, And he kiss'd her tears away, O, love! 'twas a fa-tal


cede from sight, Of his own sweet Dublin Bay. . .
hour, she cried, When we left sweet Dublin Bay. . . 3. On the crowded deck of the
doomed ship, Some stood in their mute despair, And some more calm with a holy lip, Sought the
pp f
God of the storm in pray'r. She has struck on the rock! the seamen cried, In the breath of their
wild dis-
pp ff
may, And the ship went down, and the fair young bride, That sail'd from Dublin Bay.

SPEAK TO ME.

(ONLY BE KIND.)

Words by H. B. FARNIE. Music by FABIO CAMPANA.

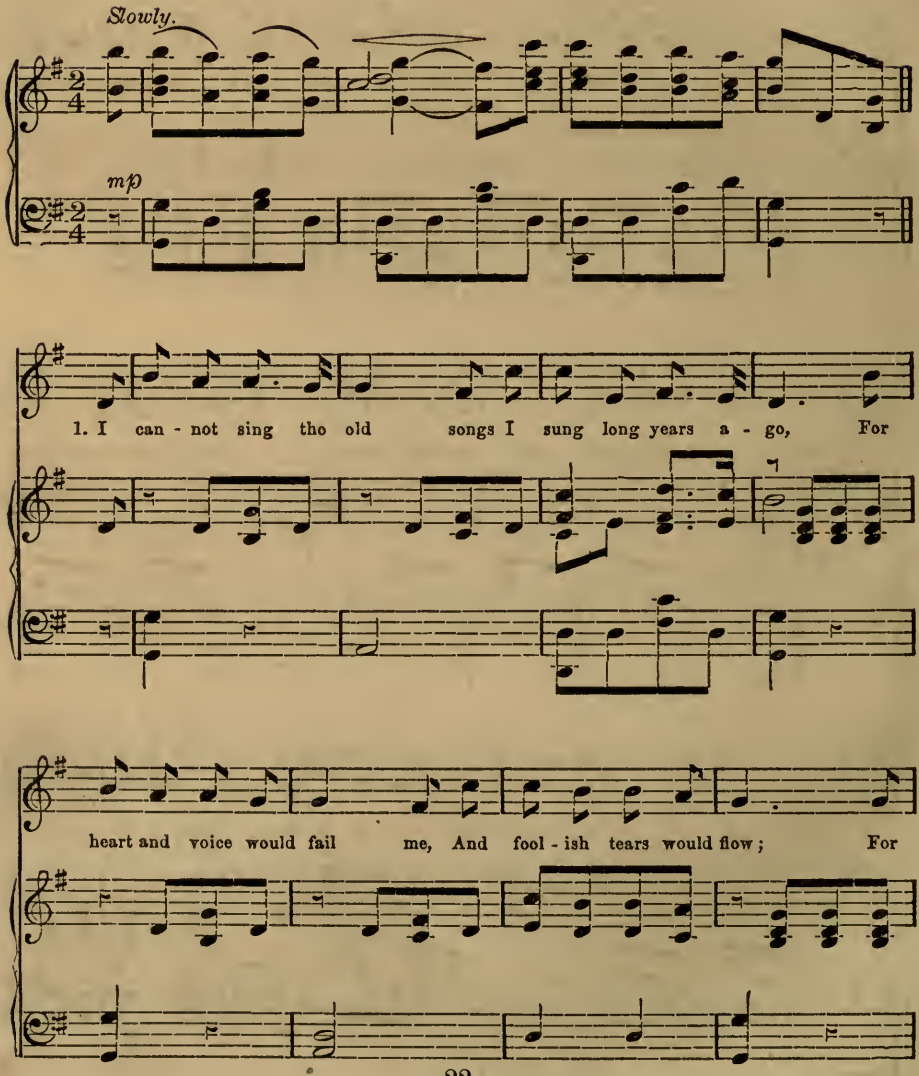
Sostenuto assai.
PIANO.
con espress.
rit.
cantibile espress. e molto accentato.
1. Why turn a - way When I draw near? Why cold to-
2. One i - dle day Thou didst deplore Some cast a-
p a tempo.
day? Once I was dear! Then thy heart stirr'd, And flush'd thy brow;
way On de-sert shore; 'Twas but a tale By po - et feigned,
rall.
a tempo.
Nev-er a word Welcomes me now. Now thy hand lies List-less in
Yet thou didst pale, Silent and pained. And thou didst moan,— Sad, sad to
rall. col canto.
sf

mine, Once its replies Spake love di - vine! Cold, as if we Never had
be Ut - ter-ly lone By the bleak sea! My life is drear; I cast a-
sf
rall.
a tempo.
met, Can it then be Hearts can for-get? Ah! ..... Speak to me,
way; Give me the tear Thou shedd'st that day.
col canto.
sf
speak; Be my heart heard, Or will it break For one poor word!
a tempo.
con grazia.
con grazia, rall.
No vow to bind, No pledge I seek, On-ly be kind, Speak to me, speak!
rall. col canto.

"I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS."

BALLAD.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CLARIBEL.


Slowly.
mp
1. I can - not sing tho old songs I sung long years a - go, For
heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For

by - gone hours come o'er my heart With each fa - mil - iar strain,— I
can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain, I
can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain .....

2 I cannot sing the old songs,
Their charm is sad and deep
Their melodies would waken
Old sorrows from their sleep
And though all unforgotten still,
And sadly sweet they be,
‖: I cannot sing the old songs,
They are too dear to me. :‖

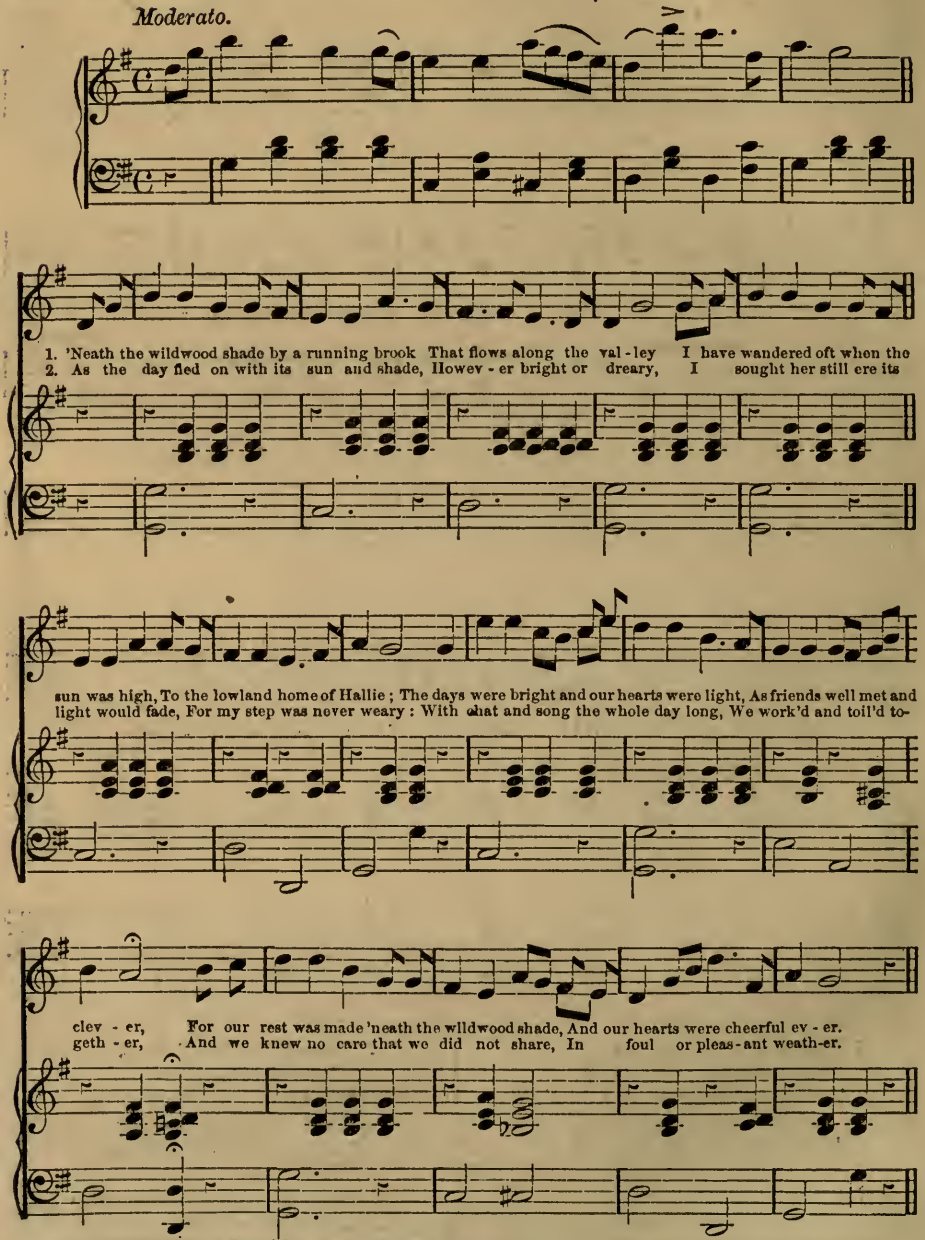
3 I cannot sing the old songs,
For visions come again,
Of golden dreams departed,
And years of weary pain;
Perhaps when earthly fetters
Have set my spirit free,
‖: My voice may know the old songs
For all eternity. :‖

DOWN THE QUIET VALLEY.

SONG AND CHORUS.

By SEP. WINNER.

Moderato.


1. 'Neath the wildwood shade by a running brook That flows along the val - ley I have wandered oft when the
2. As the day fled on with its sun and shade, Howev - er bright or dreary, I sought her still ere its
sun was high, To the lowland home of Hallie ; The days were bright and our hearts were light, As friends well met and
light would fade, For my step was never weary : With chat and song the whole day long, We work'd and toil'd to-
clev - er, For our rest was made 'neath the wildwood shade, And our hearts were cheerful ev - er.
geth - er, And we knew no care that we did not share, In foul or pleas - ant weath-er.

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CHORUS.

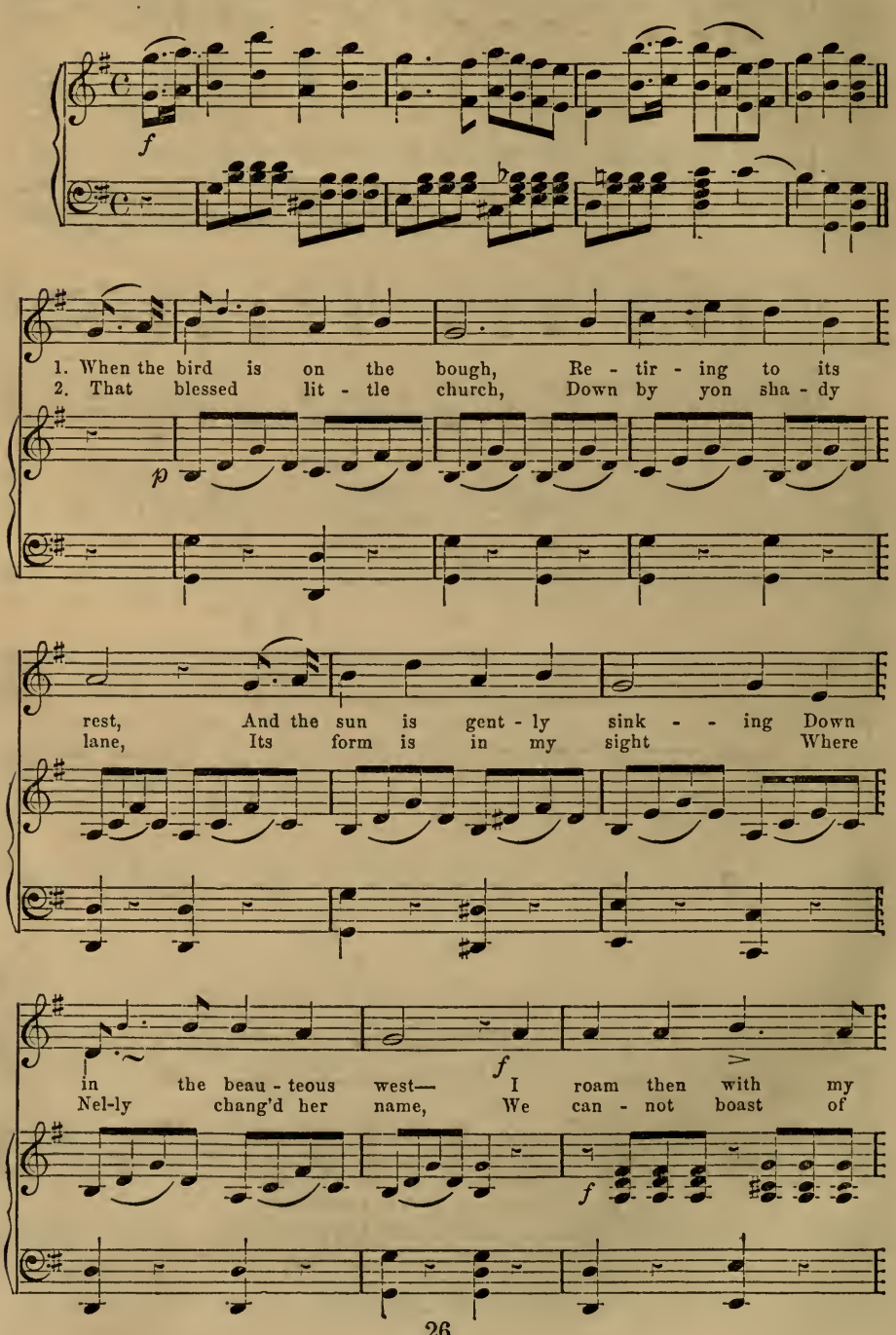
AIR.
Hal - lie, Hal - lie, fair and good; My kind and gen - tle Hal - lie: Sweet
ALTO.
TENOR.
Hal - lie, Hal - lie, fair and good; My kind and gen - tle Hal - lie: Sweet
BASS.
Sweet be thy
PIANO.
rit. tempo.
be thy sleep with - in the wood, A - down the qui - et val - ley.
be thy sleep with - in the wood, A-down the qui - et val - ley.
sleep, thy sleep with - in the wood,
rit. tempo.

Let my grave be made 'neath the wildwood shade,
Beside my darling Hallie;
Oh let me rest near the one loved best,
Now sleeping in the valley:
For my joys have fled and my hopes are dead,
My heart is sighing ever;
Since her smile is gone and I'm left alone,
For our fate has been to sever.—CHORUS.

My Blue Eyed Nelly.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Written and Composed by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.


f
1. When the bird is on the bough, Re - tir - ing to its
2. That blessed lit - tle church, Down by yon sha - dy
p
rest, And the sun is gent - ly sink - - ing Down
lane, Its form is in my sight Where
f
in the beau - teous west— I roam then with my
Nel-ly chang'd her name, We can - not boast of
f

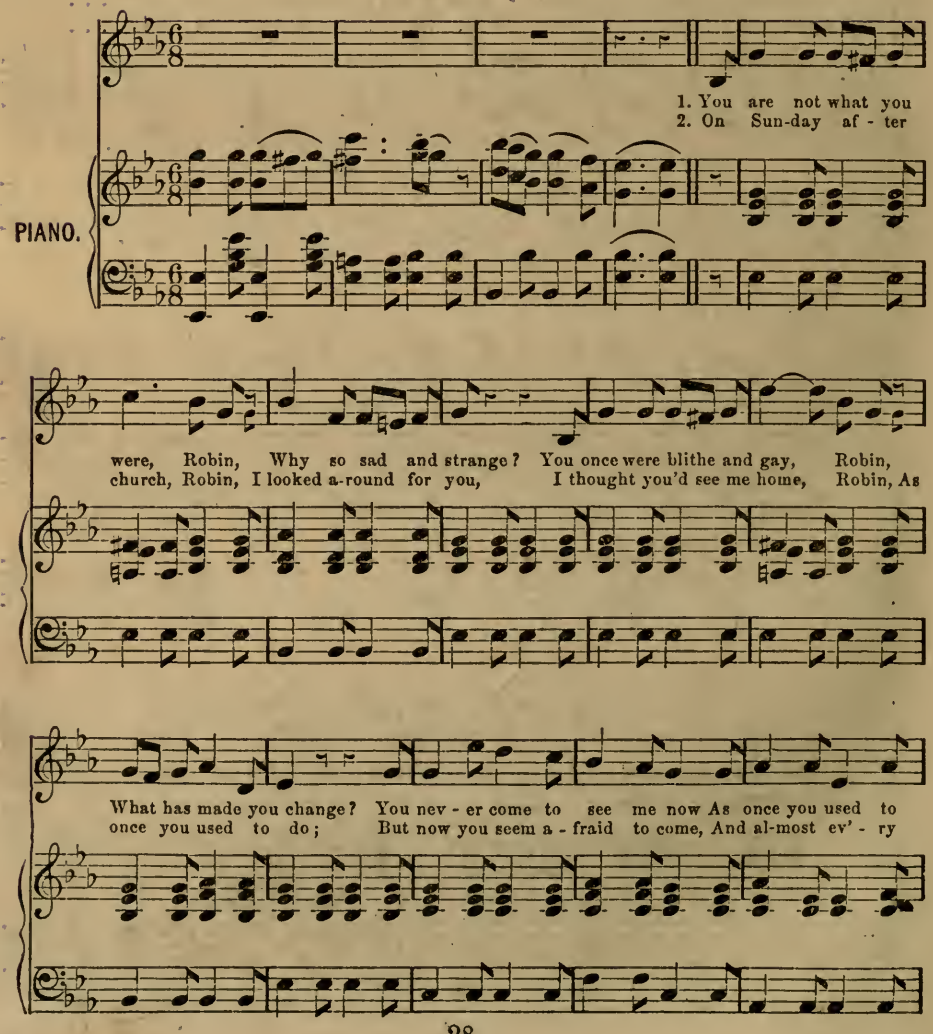
Nel - ly My own, my bon - nie bride, And
rich - es, Which o - - thers may pos - sess, But
bless the hour of glad - ness When both our hearts were tied. . . .
peace and hap - pi - ness is all We wish with to be blest. . . .
ritard.
CHORUS.
Oh, charming Nel - ly, I'll e'er be true to thee, My
sweet, my blue eyed Nel - ly, Thou'rt all the world to me.

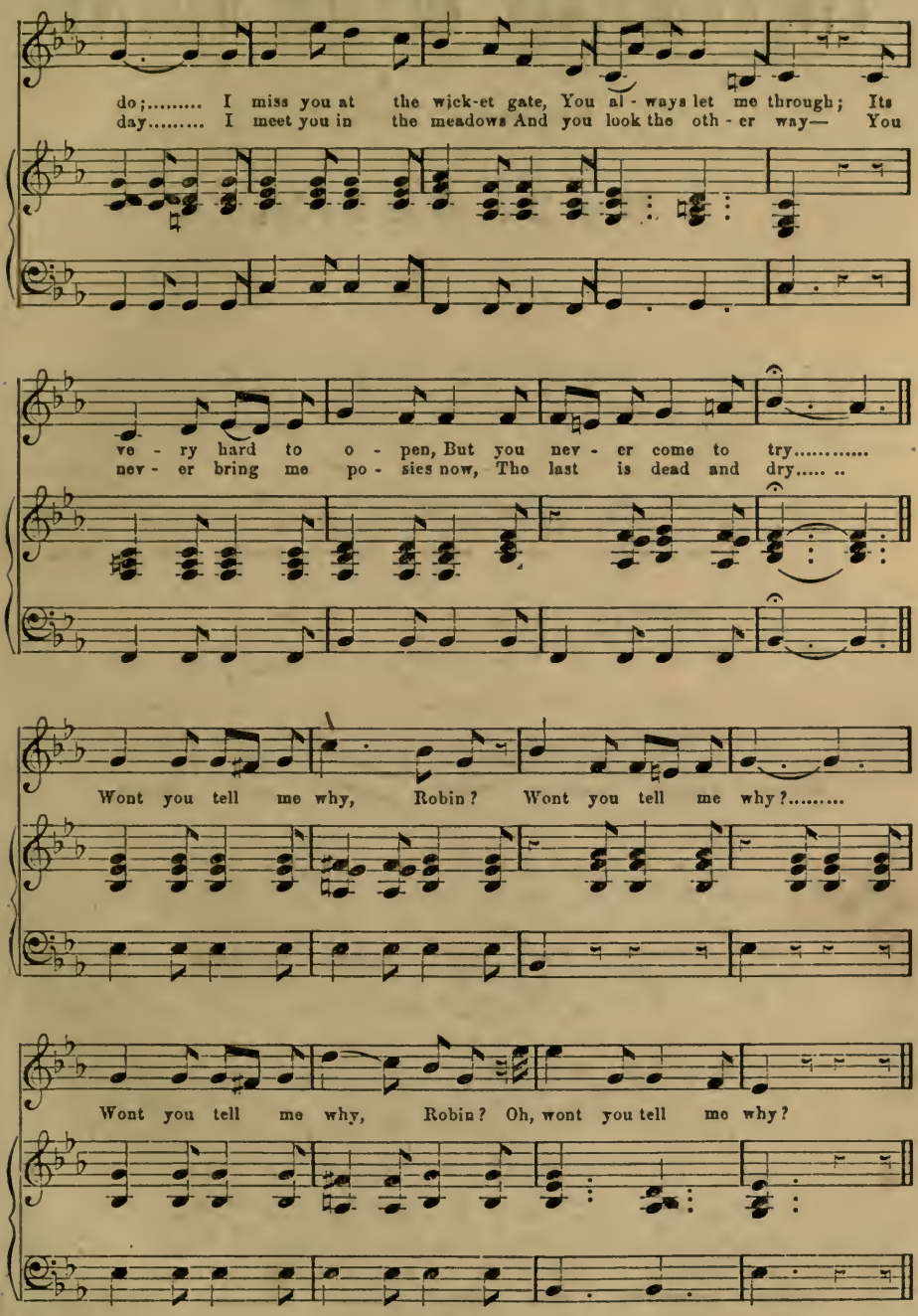
Wont You Tell Me Why, Robin?

BALLAD.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By Claribel.


1. You are not what you
2. On Sun-day af - ter
PIANO.
were, Robin, Why so sad and strange? You once were blithe and gay, Robin,
church, Robin, I looked a-round for you, I thought you'd see me home, Robin, As
What has made you change? You nev - er come to see me now As once you used to
once you used to do; But now you seem a - fraid to come, And al-most ev' - ry

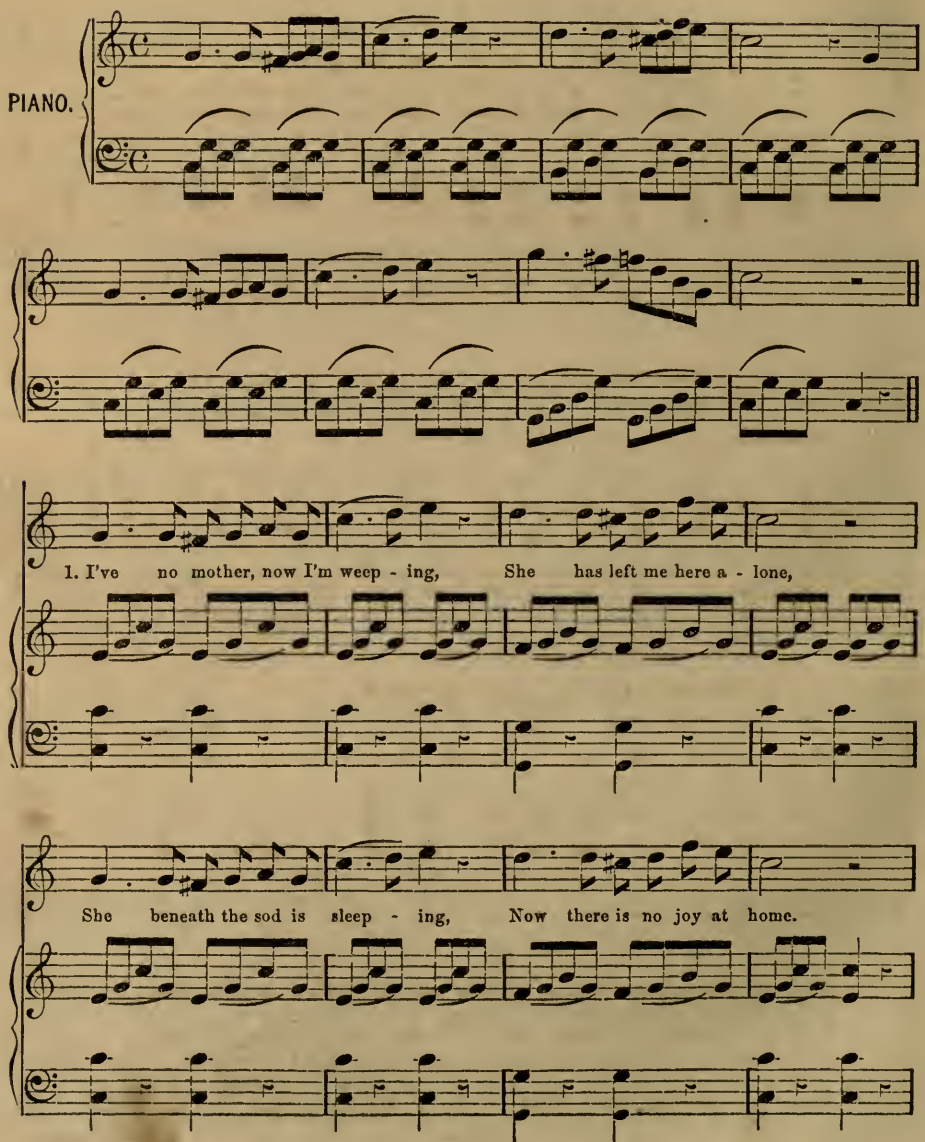

do;..... I miss you at the wick-et gate, You al - ways let me through; Its
day..... I meet you in the meadows And you look the oth - er way— You
ve - ry hard to o - pen, But you nev - er come to try.....
nev - er bring me po - sies now, The last is dead and dry.....
Wont you tell me why, Robin? Wont you tell me why?.....
Wont you tell me why, Robin? Oh, wont you tell me why?

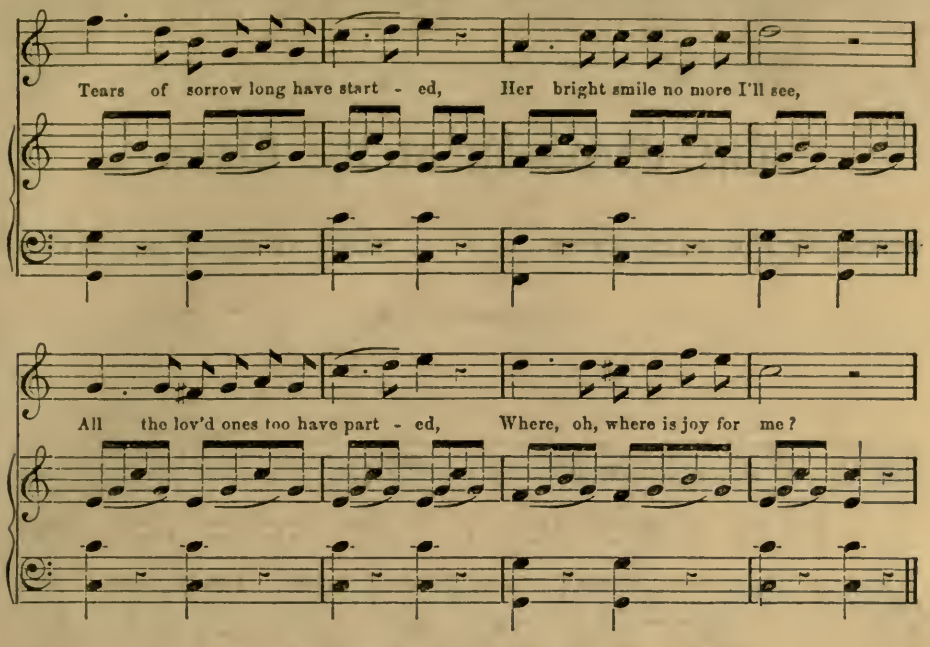
3 The other night we danced, Robin, beneath the hawthorn-tree,
I thought you'd surely come, Robin, if but to dance with me;
But Allan asked me first, and so I joined the dance with him,
But I was heavy-hearted, and my eyes with tears were dim,
And, oh, how very grave you looked, as once we passed you by,
Wont you tell me why, Robin? oh, wont you tell me why?

I'VE NO MOTHER, NOW I'M WEEPING.

Written and Composed

By T. Smith.




Tears of sorrow long have start - ed, Her bright smile no more I'll see,
All the lov'd ones too have part - ed, Where, oh, where is joy for me?

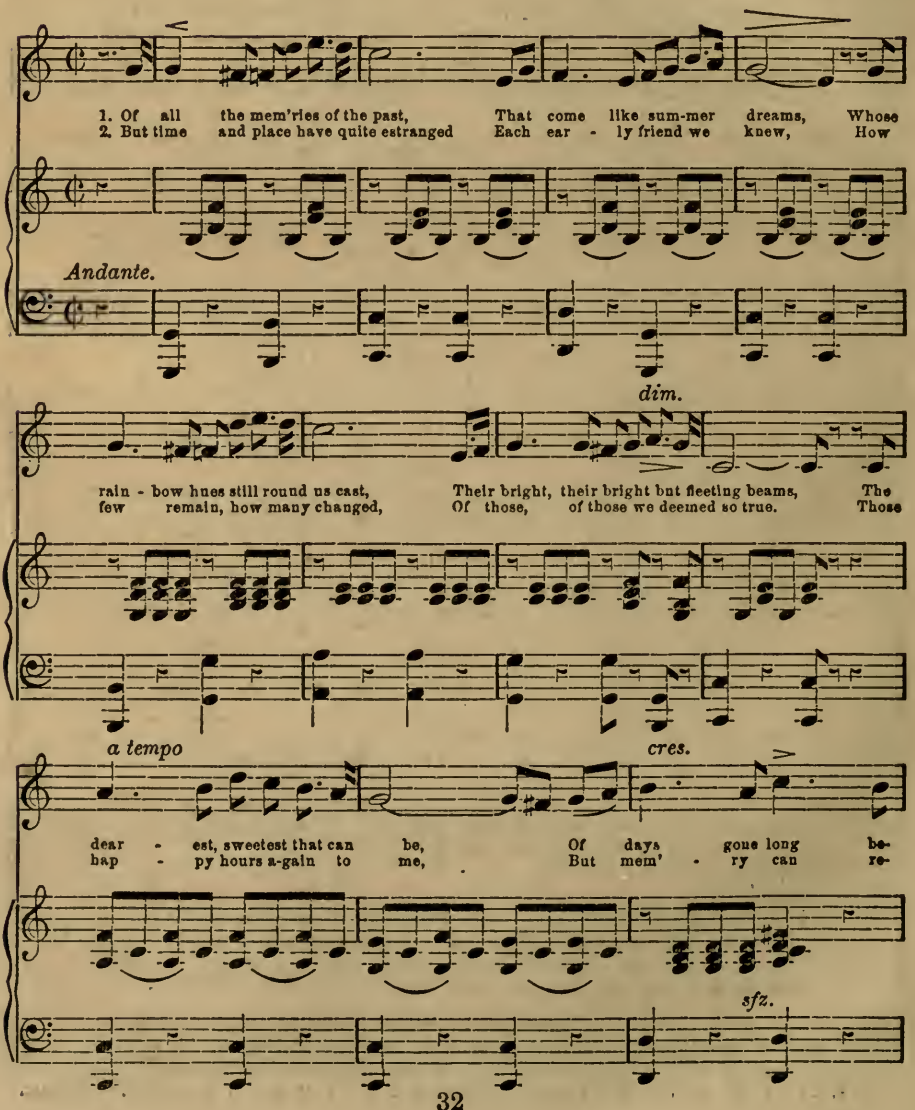
CHORUS.

2 Oh, how well do I remember, "take this little flow'r," said she,
"And when with the dead I'm number'd, place it at my grave for me."
Dearest mother, I am sighing, on thy tomb I drop a tear;
For the little plant is dying, now I feel so lonely here.—*Chorus.*

3 I've no mother, still I'm weeping, tears my furrow'd cheek now lave,
Whilst a lonely watch I'm keeping, o'er her sad and silent grave;
Soon I hope will be our meeting, then the gladness none can tell,
Who for me will then be weeping, when I bid this world farewell?—*Chorus.*

The Good-by at the Door.

WORDS BY J. E. CARPENTER. MUSIC BY STEPHEN GLOVER


1. Of all the mem'ries of the past, That come like sum-mer dreams, Whose
2. But time and place have quite estranged Each ear - ly friend we knew, How
Andante.
dim.
rain - bow hues still round us cast, Their bright, their bright but fleeting beams, The
few remain, how many changed, Of those, of those we deemed so true. Those
a tempo
cres.
dear - est, sweetest that can be, Of days gone long be-
hap - py hours a-gain to me, But mem' - ry can re-
sfz.

fore, Are those that oft re - call to me, The
store, The ling' - ring thought will ever be, The
p
mf
dim.
"good-by," the "good-by" at the door, Are those that bring to mind to
"good-by," the "good-by" at the door, And life's last moments seem to
ritard.
me, ... The "good-by," the "good-by" at the door.
be, ... The "good-by," the "good-by" at the door.
f
ritard.
a tempo.
dim.
p
ff
3

WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING, ANNIE DEAR.

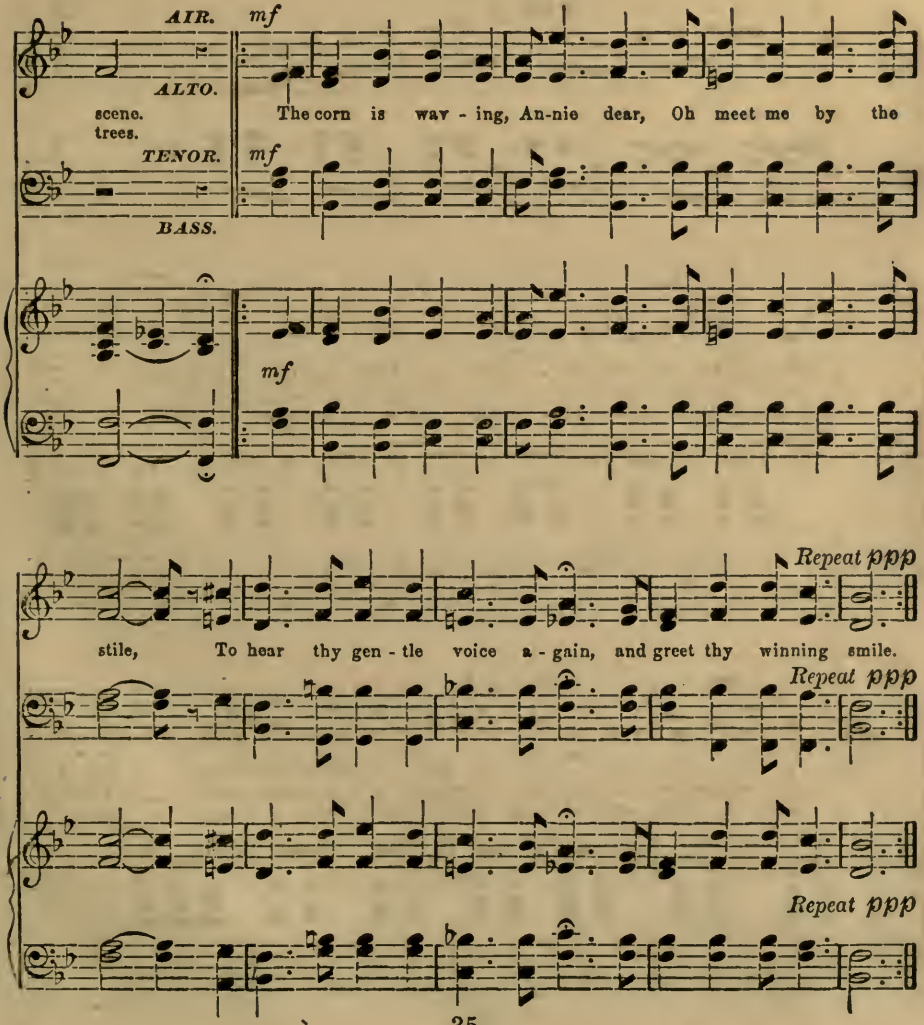
WORDS AND MUSIC

BY CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

1. When the
2. When the
moderato.
PIANO.
corn is waving, An-nie dear, O meet me by the stile, To hear thy gentle
corn is waving, An-nie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be-side the gentle,
voice a-gain, And greet thy winning smile. The moon will be at full, love, The
flowing stream, That both our hearts know well; Where wild flow'rs in their beau - ty, Will

stars will bright-ly gleam, Oh come my Queen of night, love, And grace the beauteous
scent the ev' - ning breeze, Oh haste! the stars are peeping, And the moon's behind the
f

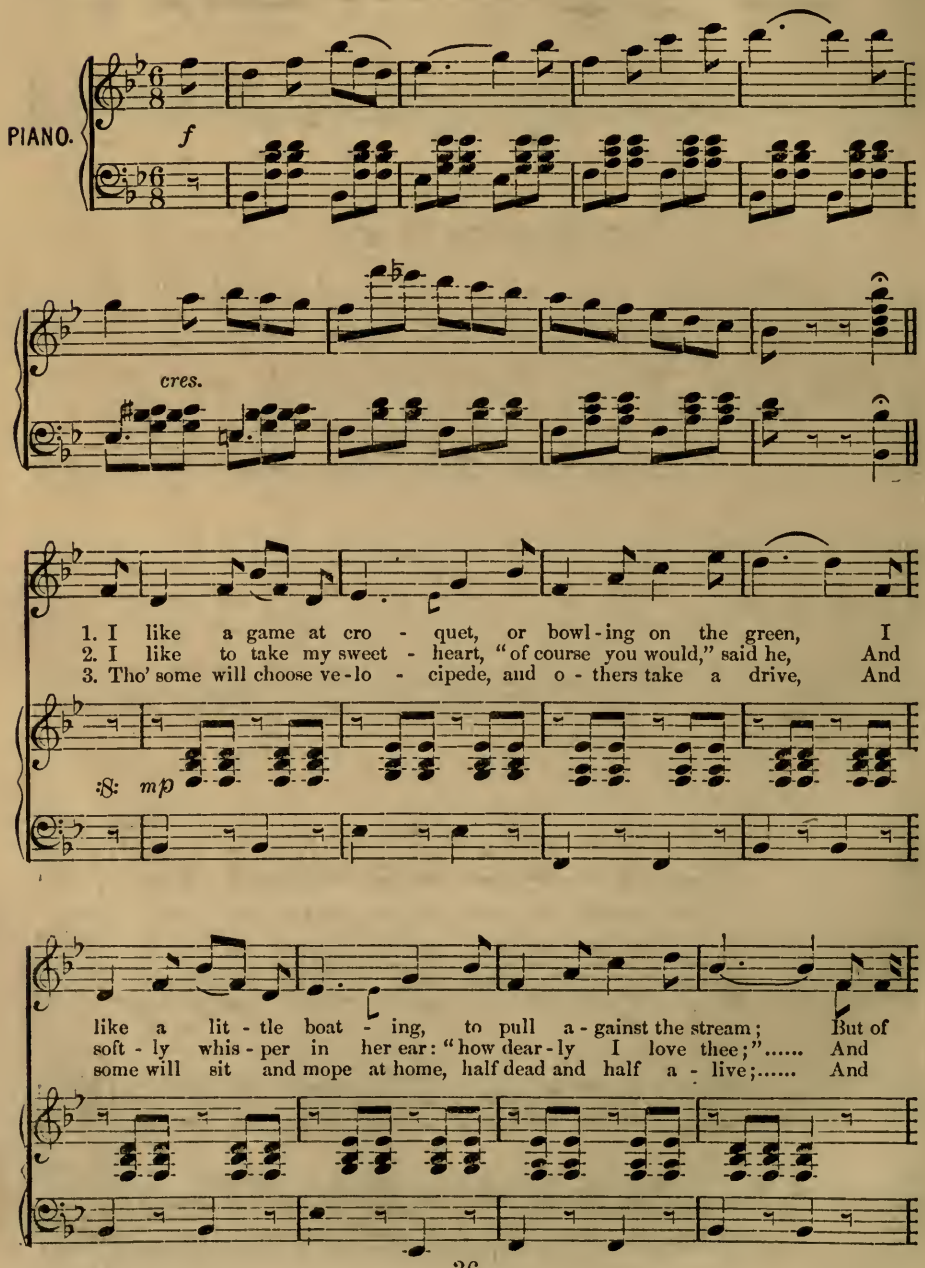
CHORUS.

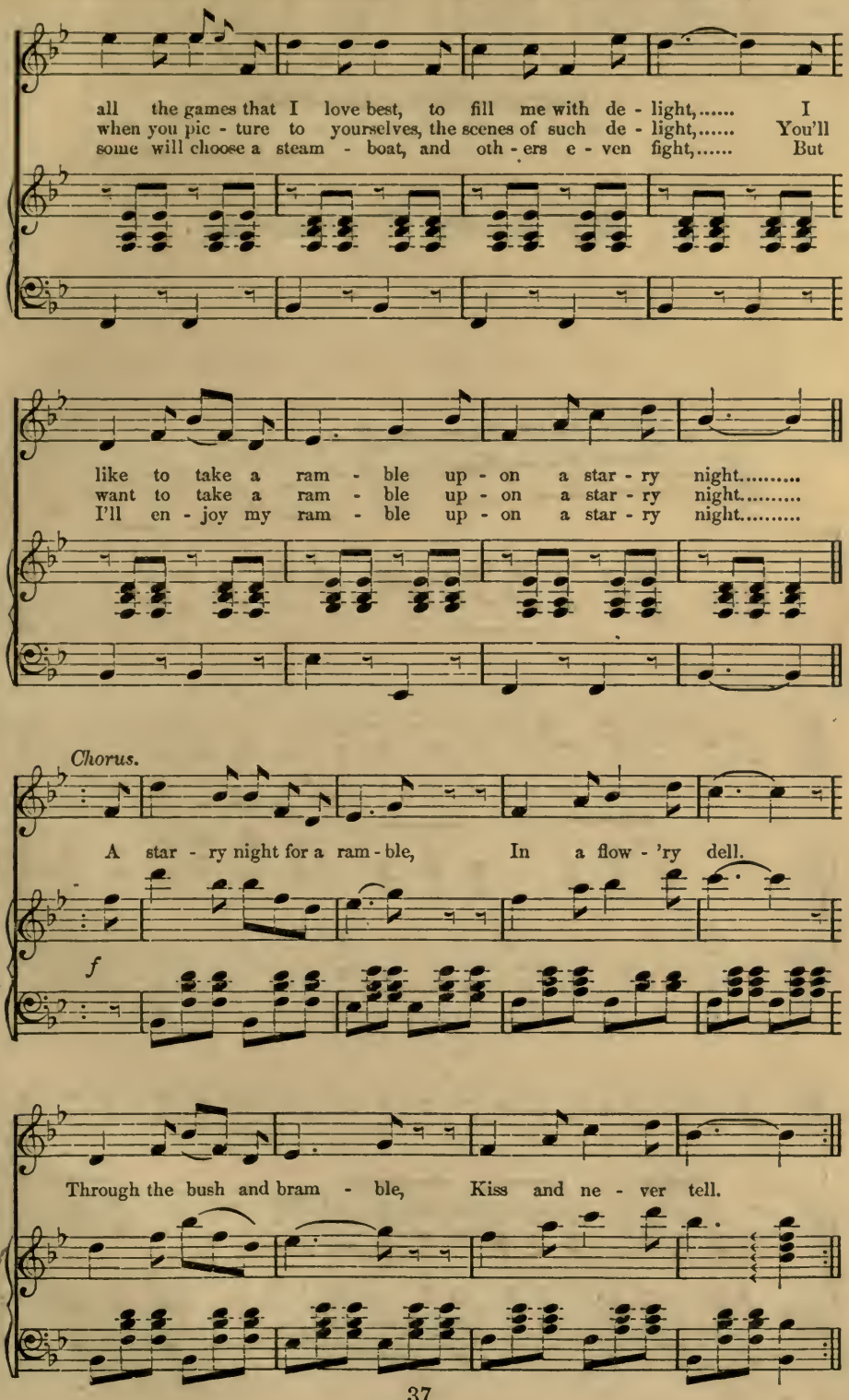

AIR.
mf
ALTO.
scene.
trees.
The corn is wav - ing, An-nie dear, Oh meet me by the
TENOR.
mf
BASS.
mf
Repeat ppp
stile, To hear thy gen - tle voice a - gain, and greet thy winning smile.
Repeat ppp
Repeat ppp

A STARRY NIGHT FOR A RAMBLE.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

SAMUEL BAGNALL.


PIANO.
f
cres.
1. I like a game at cro - quet, or bowl-ing on the green, I
2. I like to take my sweet - heart, "of course you would," said he, And
3. Tho' some will choose ve-lo - cipede, and o - thers take a drive, And
mp
like a lit - tle boat - ing, to pull a - gainst the stream; But of
soft - ly whis - per in her ear: "how dear - ly I love thee;"..... And
some will sit and mope at home, half dead and half a - live;..... And

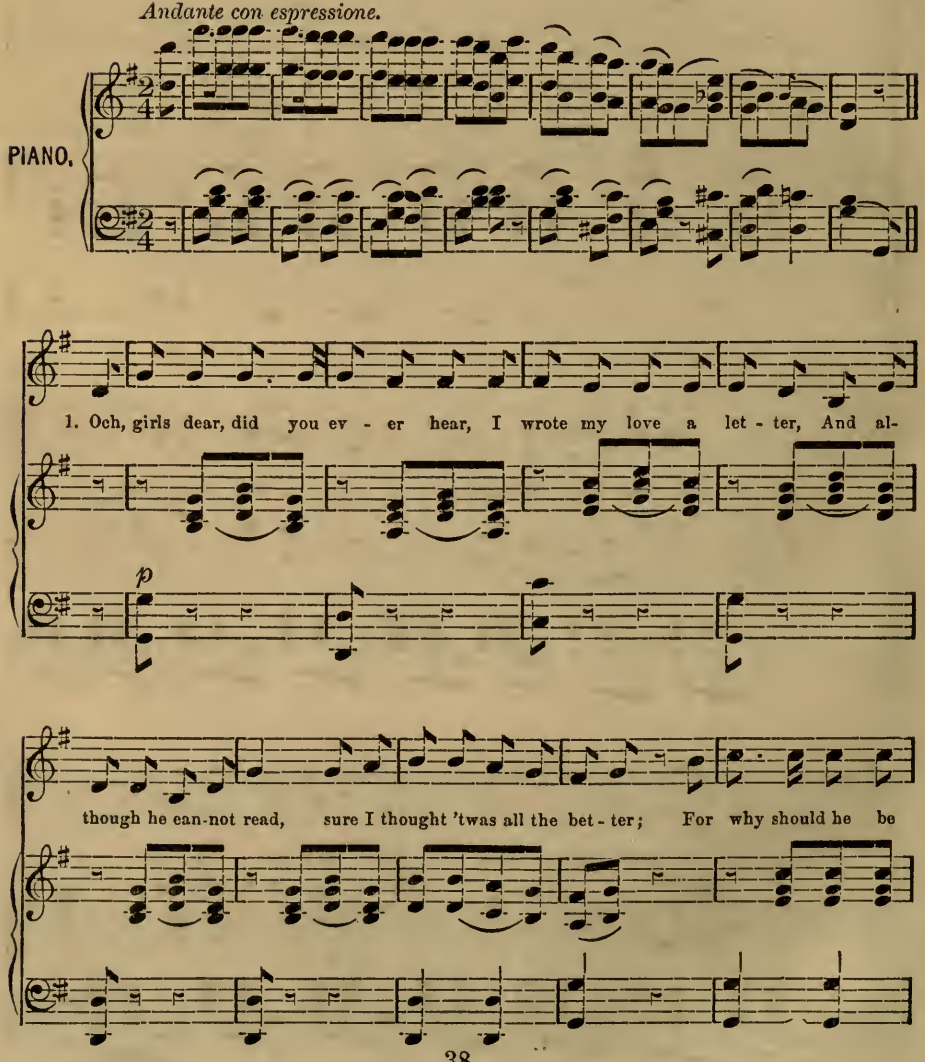

all the games that I love best, to fill me with de - light,..... I
when you pic - ture to yourselves, the scenes of such de - light,..... You'll
some will choose a steam - boat, and oth - ers e - ven fight,..... But
like to take a ram - ble up - on a star - ry night.....
want to take a ram - ble up - on a star - ry night.....
I'll en - joy my ram - ble up - on a star - ry night.....
Chorus.
A star - ry night for a ram - ble, In a flow - 'ry dell.
f
Through the bush and bram - ble, Kiss and ne - ver tell.

KATEY'S LETTER.

Composed for the Piano-Forte.

By Lady Dufferin.

Andante con espressione.


PIANO.
1. Och, girls dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al-
p
though he can-not read, sure I thought 'twas all the bet - ter; For why should he be

puz-zled with hard spelling in the matter, When the man-ing was so plain that I
p
love him faith-ful - ly. I love him faith-ful - ly, And he
p
p
knows it, oh, he knows it, Without one word from me.
p

2 I wrote it, and I folded it, and put a seal upon it;
'Twas a seal almost as big as the crown of my best bonnet;
For I would not have the Postmaster make his remarks upon it,
As I said inside the letter that I loved him faithfully.
I love him faithfully,
And he knows it, oh, he knows it! without one word from me.

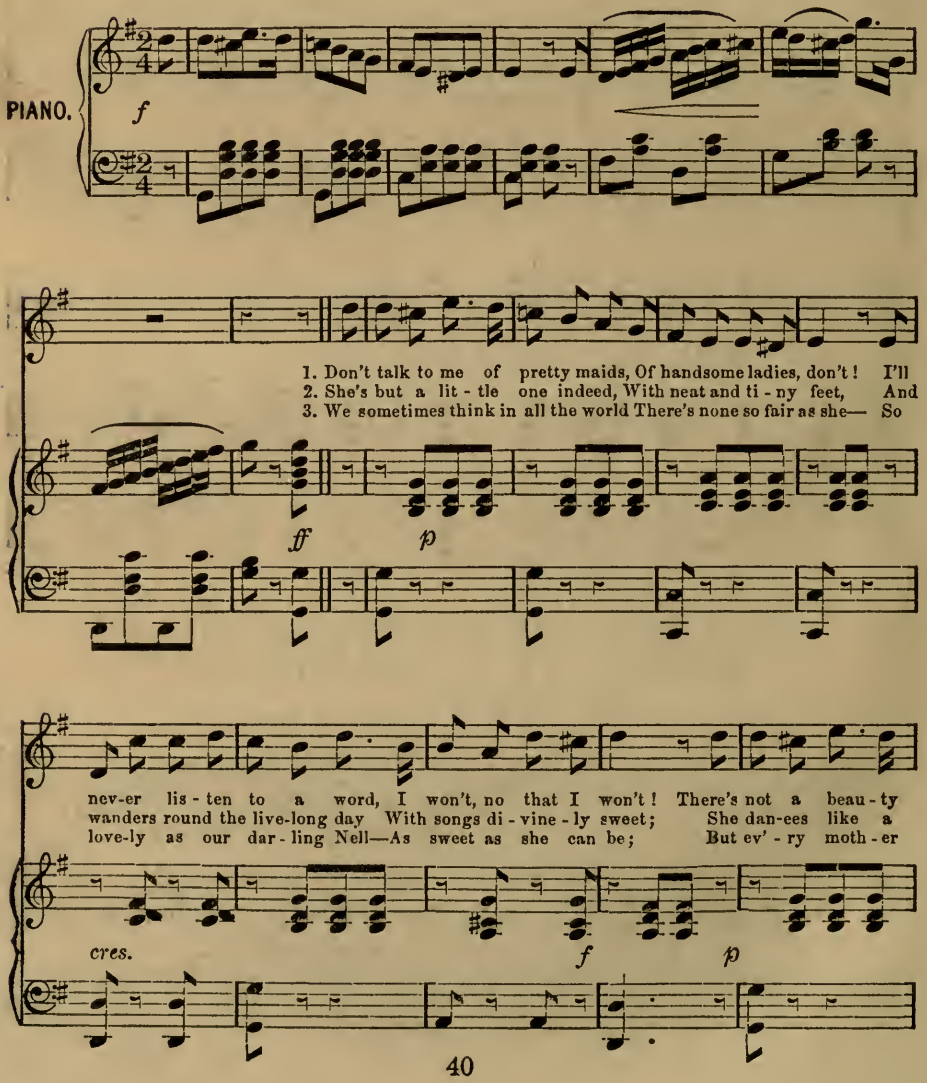
3 My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in,
The neighbors know I love him, and they're mighty fond of chaffing;
So I dared not write his name outside, for fear they would be laughing
So I wrote, "From little Kate to one whom she loves faithfully."
I love him faithfully,
And he knows it, oh, he knows it! without one word from me.

4 Now, girls, would you believe it, that Postman, so consaited,
No answer will he bring me, so long as I have waited;
But maybe there mayn't be one for the raison that I stated,
That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully.
He loves me faithfully,
And I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.

BEAUTIFUL NELL.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

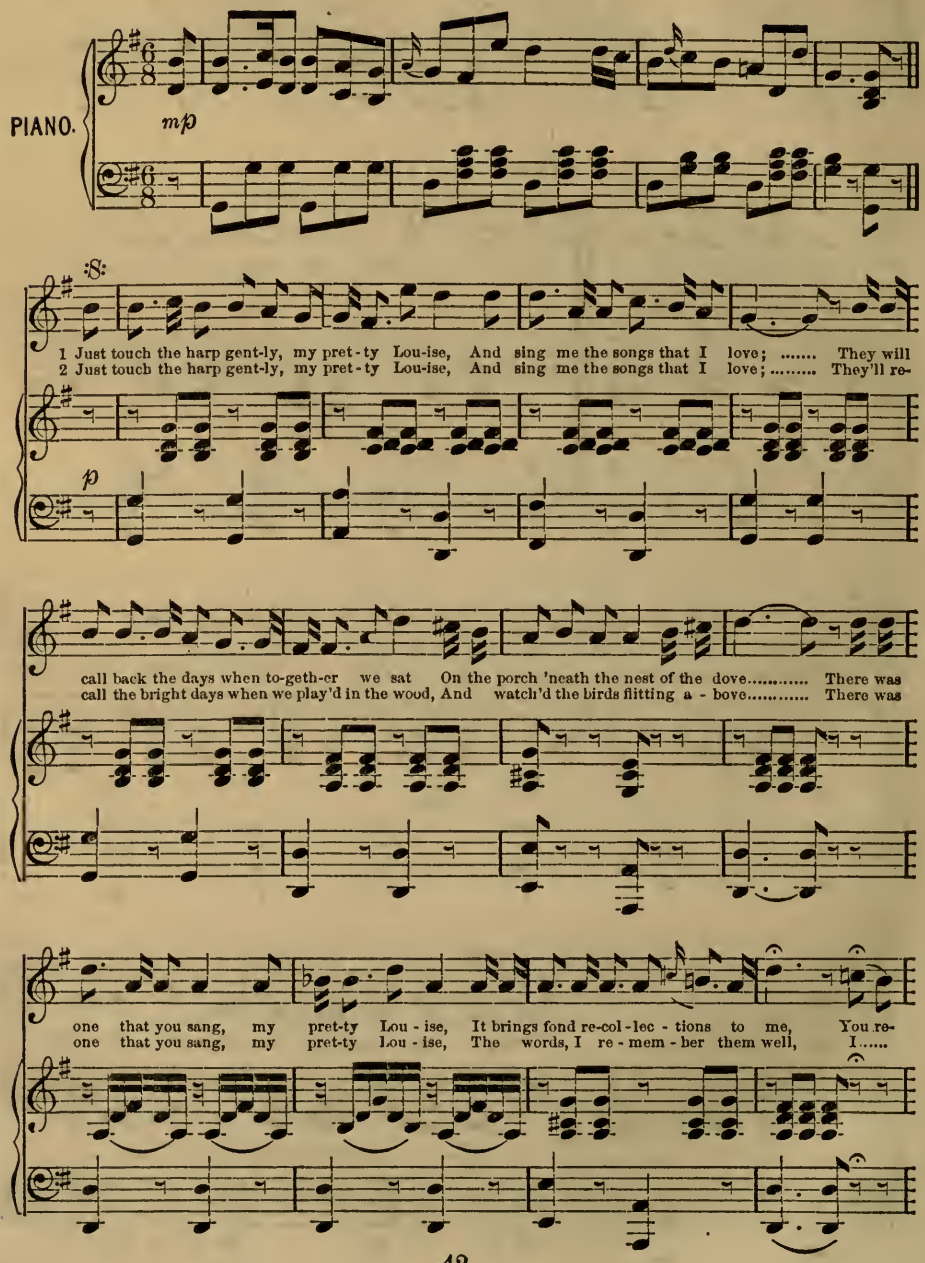
By R. Cooke.


PIANO.
f
1. Don't talk to me of pretty maids, Of handsome ladies, don't! I'll
2. She's but a lit - tle one indeed, With neat and ti - ny feet, And
3. We sometimes think in all the world There's none so fair as she— So
ff
p
nev-er lis - ten to a word, I won't, no that I won't! There's not a beau - ty
wanders round the live-long day With songs di - vine - ly sweet; She dan-ees like a
love-ly as our dar - ling Nell—As sweet as she can be; But ev' - ry moth - er
cres.
f
p

in the land To match my pret - ty Belle: I'll tell you all a - bout her now, My
fai - ry child Up - on the gras - sy lawn, And slum-bers like an an - gel babe From
seems to think, And so its ve - ry well, Her lit - tle dar-ling's just as sweet As
cres.
Tempo di Valse.
dar - ling lit-tle Nell.
sun - set till the dawn.
we do pretty Nell.
Beau - ti - ful child with beau - ti - ful eyes,
f
Bright as the morn-ing and blue as the skies; Beau - ti - ful teeth and
p
rall.
dim - ples as well, Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Nell.
rall.

TOUCH THE HARP GENTLY.

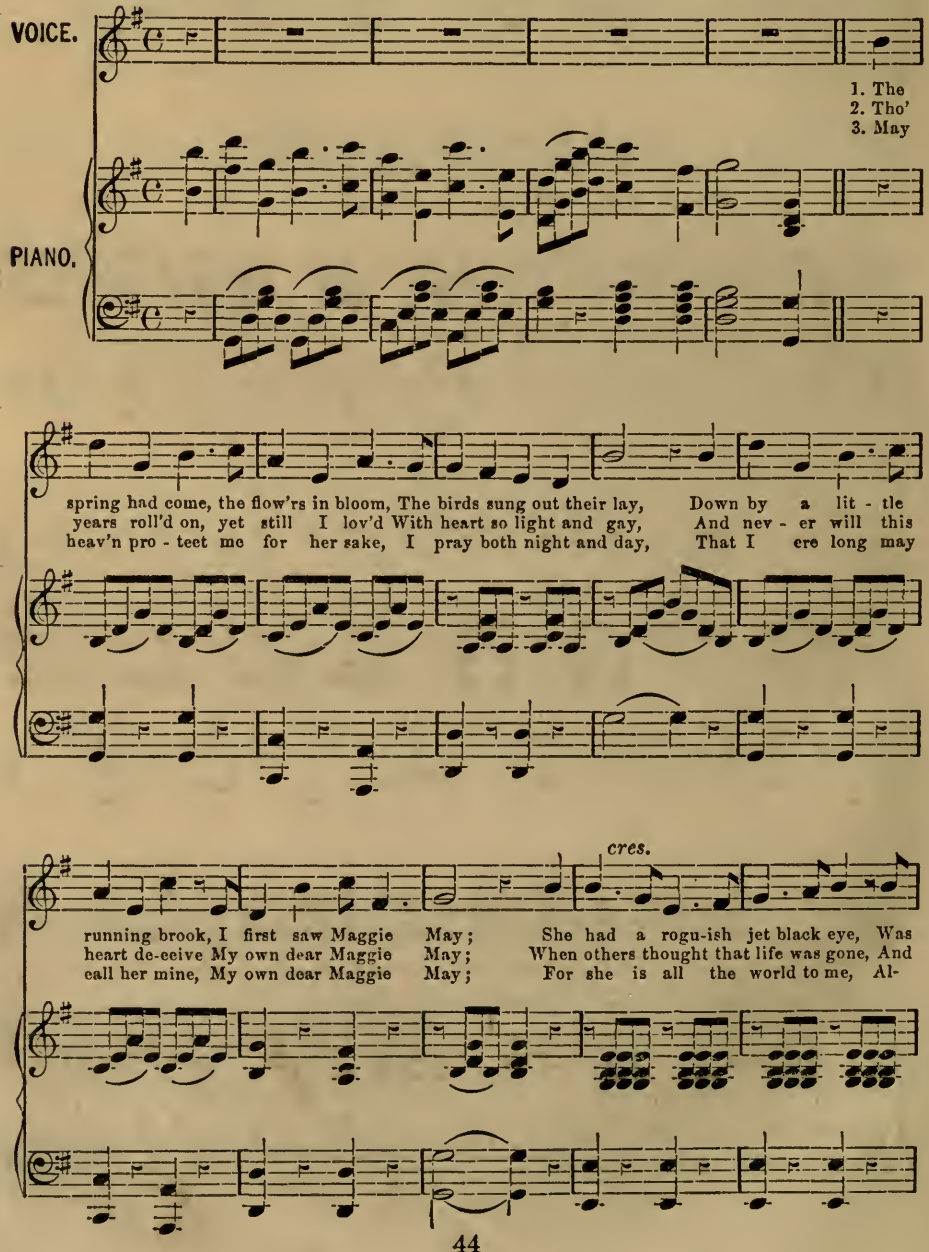
Written by SAMUEL N. MITCHELL. Composed by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

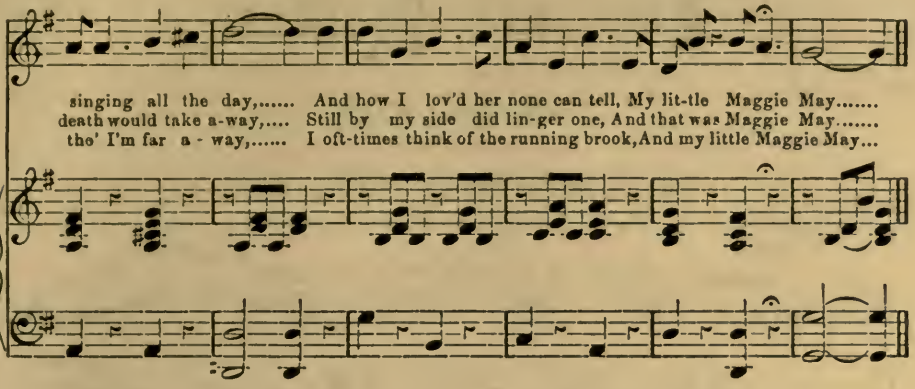

PIANO.
mp
1 Just touch the harp gent-ly, my pret-ty Lou-ise, And sing me the songs that I love; ..... They will
2 Just touch the harp gent-ly, my pret-ty Lou-ise, And sing me the songs that I love; ..... They'll re-
p
call back the days when to-geth-er we sat On the porch 'neath the nest of the dove..... There was
call the bright days when we play'd in the wood, And watch'd the birds flitting a - bove..... There was
one that you sang, my pret-ty Lou - ise, It brings fond re-col-lec - tions to me, You re-
one that you sang, my pret-ty Lou - ise, The words, I re - mem - ber them well, I.....

mem - ber the mocking bird mimick'd it once As it perch'd on the syc - a - more tree;..... Just
lov'd it, and when you had finished each verse, I kiss'd you and said: "nev-er tell;"..... Just
ad lib.
touch the harp gently, my pret-ty Lou-ise,
touch the harp gently, my pret-ty Lou-ise, Just touch the harp gently, Lou - ise .....
pp
Oh! touch the harp gent - ly, my pret - ty Lou - ise, And sing me the songs that I
p
CHORUS, ad. lib.
love,..... They will call back the days, when together we sat On the porch 'neath the nest of the dove.

LITTLE MAGGIE MAY.

WORDS BY G. W. MOORE. MUSIC BY C. BLAMPHIN.


VOICE.
PIANO.
1. The
2. Tho'
3. May
spring had come, the flow'rs in bloom, The birds sung out their lay, Down by a lit - tle
years roll'd on, yet still I lov'd With heart so light and gay, And nev - er will this
heav'n pro - teet me for her sake, I pray both night and day, That I ere long may
cres.
running brook, I first saw Maggie May; She had a rogu-ish jet black eye, Was
heart de-ceive My own dear Maggie May; When others thought that life was gone, And
call her mine, My own dear Maggie May; For she is all the world to me, Al-


singing all the day,..... And how I lov'd her none can tell, My lit-tle Maggie May.....
death would take a-way,.... Still by my side did lin-ger one, And that was Maggie May.....
tho' I'm far a - way,..... I oft-times think of the running brook, And my little Maggie May...

CHORUS.

1st Tenor.
Alto.
2d Tenor.
Bass.
PIANO.
pp
f
My lit - tle witching Maggie, Maggie sing-ing all the

p
day: Oh, how I love her none can tell, My lit - tle Maggie May.....

TEMPERANCE VERSION OF

Moet and Chandon;

OR, THE NEW

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE.

Allegretto.
1. What care I if the world turns 'round? It
p
must, and will; that's one thing sure, No mat - ter if it's
up - side down, It still af - fords us wa - ter pure.

Ne - ver care I how the times may go, Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!
tr
tr
Wa - ter, pure wa-ter can bring no woe, Oh! I oh! I oh!
tr
CHORUS.
Champagne Char - lie was my name, Cham - pagne drinking gained my fame;
Mo - et and Chan - don made me spree, But wa - ter to-day is the drink for me.

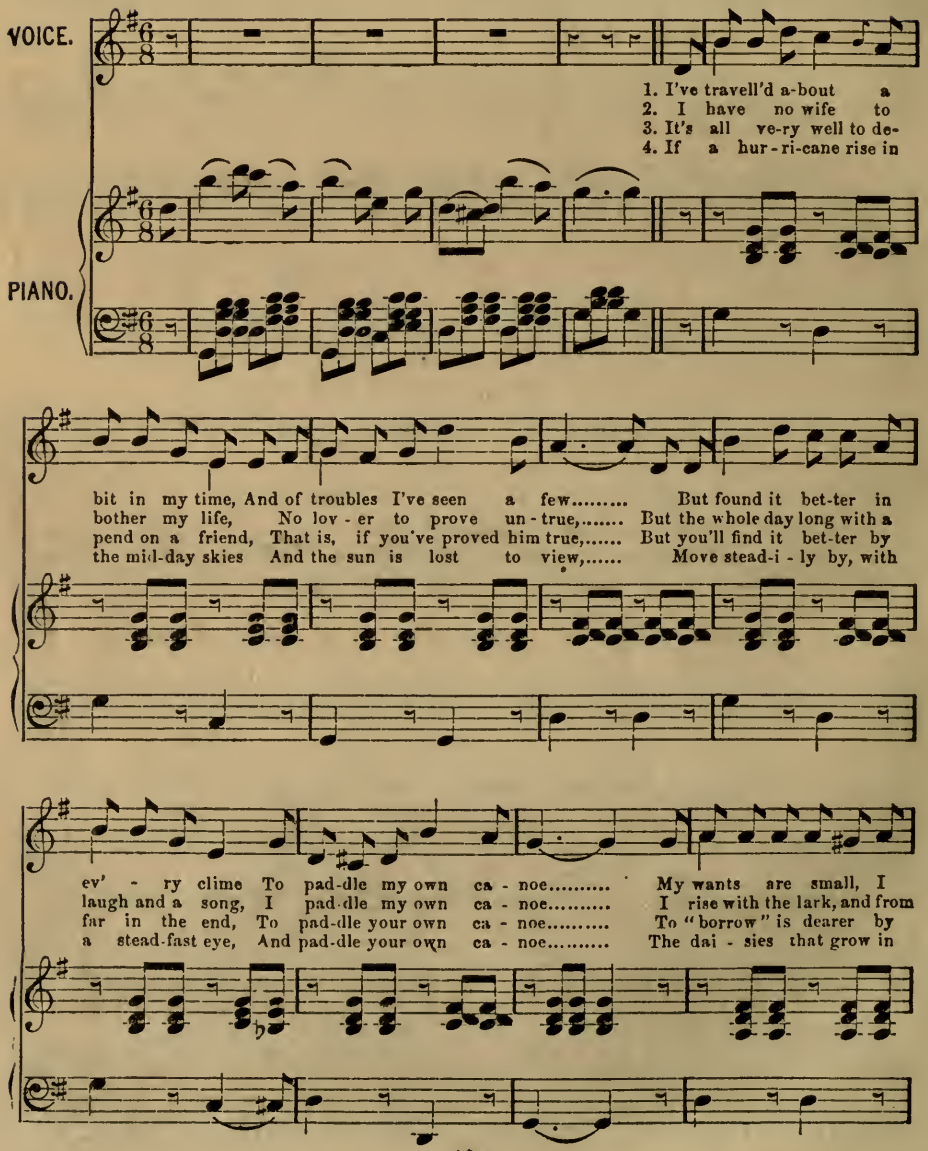
2 White wines are pale and have no taste,
The red indeed have too much hue,
Moselle in pleasing often fails,
Still Hock's too slow and suits but few,
Lager is heavy and thick you know,
Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!
Water is dainty and free to flow,
Oh! I oh! I oh! *Chorus.*

3 Champagne's the wine for giving toasts,
For headaches, and for waste of wealth;
But water pure is better far
To quench the thirst or drink ones health.
Down on the banks where the lilies grow,
Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!
Sparkling and bright do the streamlets flow,
Oh! I oh! I oh! *Chorus.*

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By M. Hobson.


VOICE.
PIANO.
1. I've travell'd a-bout a
2. I have no wife to
3. It's all ve-ry well to de-
4. If a hur-ri-cane rise in
bit in my time, And of troubles I've seen a few..... But found it bet-ter in
bother my life, No lov-er to prove un-true,..... But the whole day long with a
pend on a friend, That is, if you've proved him true,..... But you'll find it bet-ter by
the mid-day skies And the sun is lost to view,..... Move stead-i-ly by, with
ev'-ry clime To pad-dle my own ca-noe..... My wants are small, I
laugh and a song, I pad-dle my own ca-noe..... I rise with the lark, and from
far in the end, To pad-dle your own ca-noe..... To "borrow" is dearer by
a stead-fast eye, And pad-dle your own ca-noe..... The dai-sies that grow in

care not at all If my debts are paid when due,..... I drive a-way strife in the
daylight till dark I do what I have to do,..... I'm careless of wealth, if I've
far than to "buy," A max-im tho' old, still true,..... You nev-er will sigh, if you
the bright green fields, Are blooming so sweet for you,..... So nev-er sit down with a
o - cean of life, While I pad-dle my own ca - noe..... Then love your neigh-bor
on - ly the health To pad-dle my own ca - noe.....
on - ly will try To pad-dle your own ca - noe.....
tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca - noe.....
CHORUS.
rit.
as your-self, As the world you go trav - el - ling through..... And
nev - er sit down with a tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca - noe.....

WE'RE NEARING TO THE RIVER;

OR,

(THE PROMISED LAND.)

SOLO AND QUARTETTE.

JAS. B. SYKES.

Moderato.
p
cresc.
1. When on the mount the Pro - phet stood, Led by th'Al-migh - ty's hand, Be
2. So we by faith dis-cern sweet rest, Be - yond death's riv - er strand, A
3. Tho' dark the waves that roll be - tween This world and that so grand, Faith
4. There sin and death can nev - er come, Nor sor - row's part - ing hand, To
yond the Jor - dan's rol - ling flood,..... He saw the Prom-ised Land,..... He
bright - er realm where all are blest,..... In that dear Prom-ised Land,..... In
o - ver - looks the si - lent stream,..... And sees the Prom-ised Land,..... And
des - o - late that bless-ed home,..... With - in the Prom-ised Land,..... With-
ritard.
saw..... the Prom - ised Land, Sweet Prom - - ised Land.
that..... dear Prom - ised Land, Sweet Prom - - ised Land.
sees..... the Prom - ised Land, Sweet Prom - - ised Land.
in..... the Prom - ised Land, Sweet Prom - - ised Land.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by SEP. WINNER'S SON, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

CHORUS.
AIR.
We're near-ing to the riv-er side, Soon on the shore we'll stand; Then,
ALTO.
TENOR.
We're near-ing to the riv-er side, Soon on the shore we'll stand; Then,
BASS.
PIANO.
Lento.....
Saviour, bear us o'er the tide To Can-aan's Promised Land, To Can-aan's Promised Land.
Saviour, bear us o'er the tide To Can-aan's Promised Land, To Can-aan's Promised Land.
Lento.....
p

5 Dear Saviour, lead us safe along
This waste of desert sand,
Till we shallsing the victor's song,
|:In the sweet Promised Land:|
Sweet Promised Land.—CHO.

6 When earthly scenes shall disappear,
Unite us with that band,
Who bade farewell to loved ones here,
|:To gain the Promised Land:|
Sweet Promised Land.—CHO.

Do they think of me at Home?

POPULAR BALLAD.

MUSIC BY G. W. GLOVER.

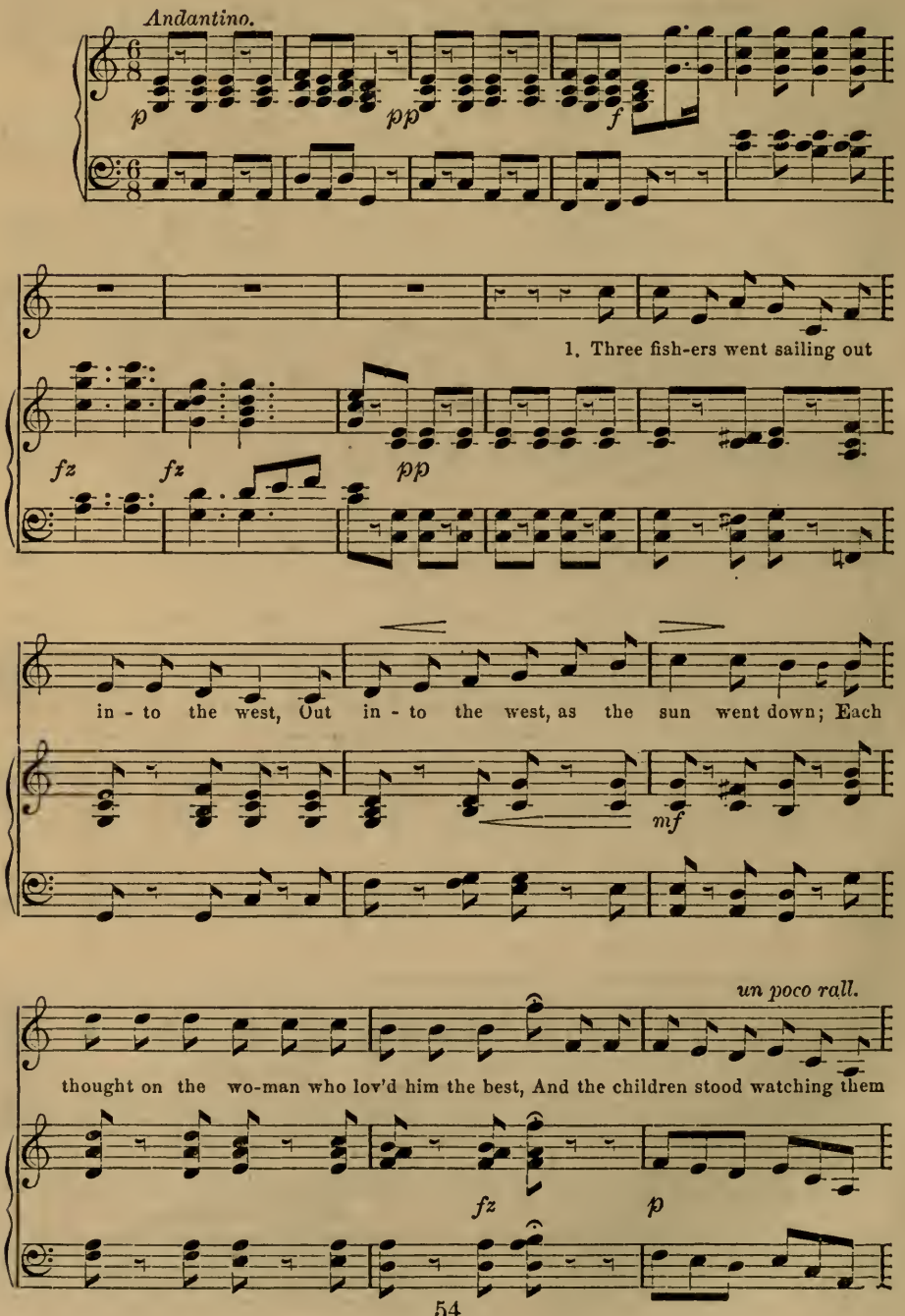
shared their ev'-ry grief,— I who min - gled in their glee; Have their
hearts grown cold and strange To the one now doom'd to roam? I would
give the world to know,— Do they think of me at home? I would
give the world to know,— Do they think of me at home?

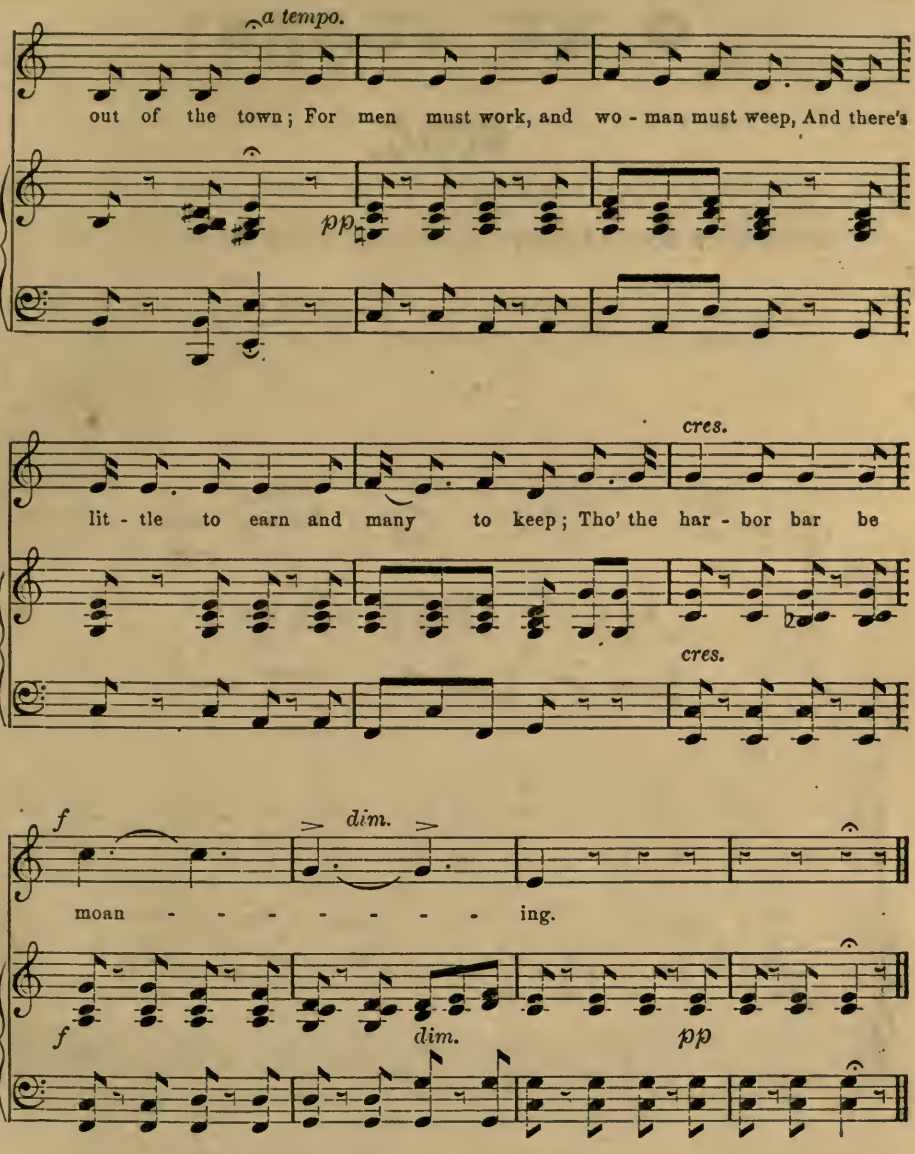
2 Do they think of me at eve,—
Of the songs I used to sing?
Is the harp I struck untouched,
Does a stranger wake the string?
Will no kind, forgiving word,
Come across the raging foam?
Shall I never cease to sigh,—
Do they think of me at home?

3 Do they think of how I loved
In my happy early days?
Do they think of him who came,
But could never win their praise?
I am happy by his side,
And from mine he'll never roam!
But my heart will sadly ask,—
Do they think of me at home?

THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

Words by REV. C. KINGSLEY. Music by J. HULLAH.




a tempo.
out of the town; For men must work, and wo - man must weep, And there's
pp
cres.
lit - tle to earn and many to keep; Tho' the har - bor bar be
cres.
f
dim.
moan - - - - - - - - ing.
f
dim.
pp

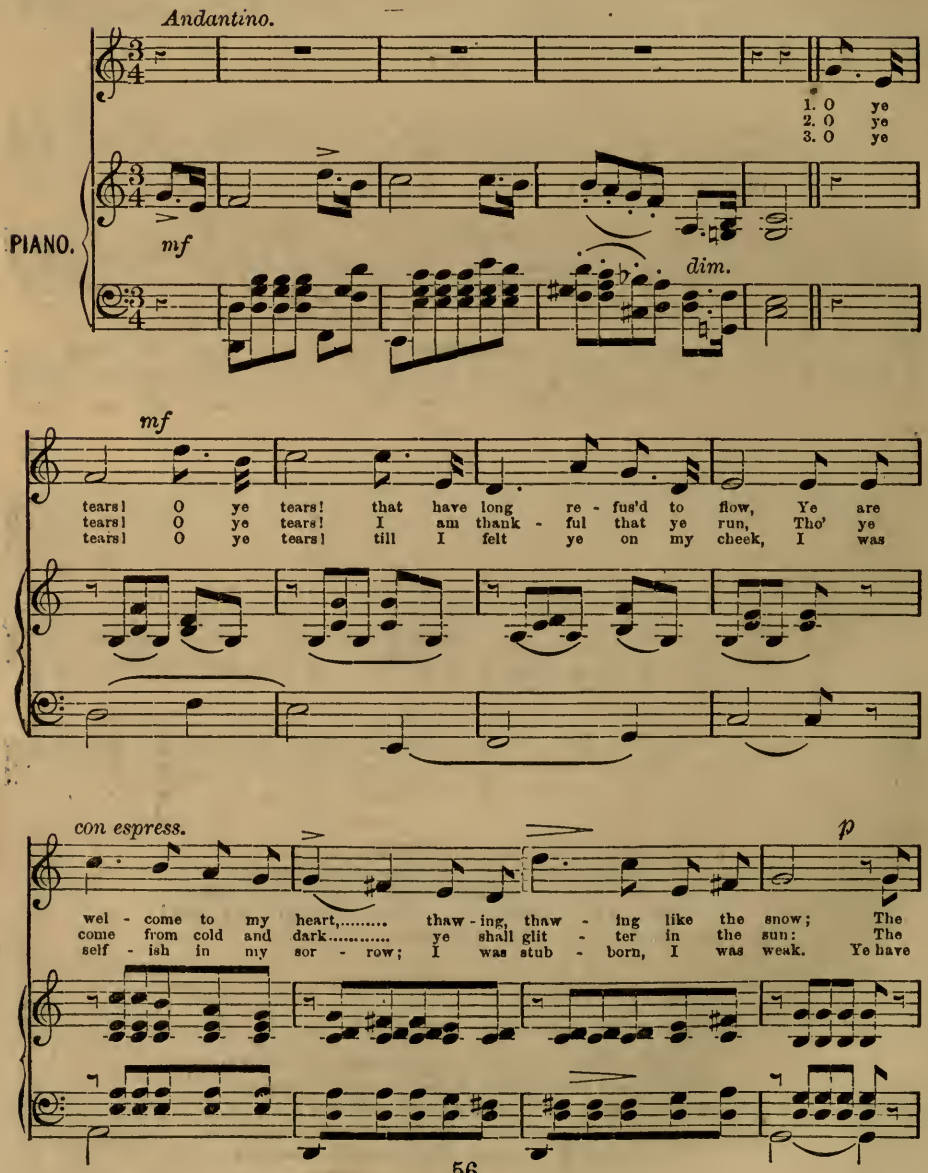
2 Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r,
And trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
They look'd at the squall and they look'd at the show'r,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and woman must weep,
Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning

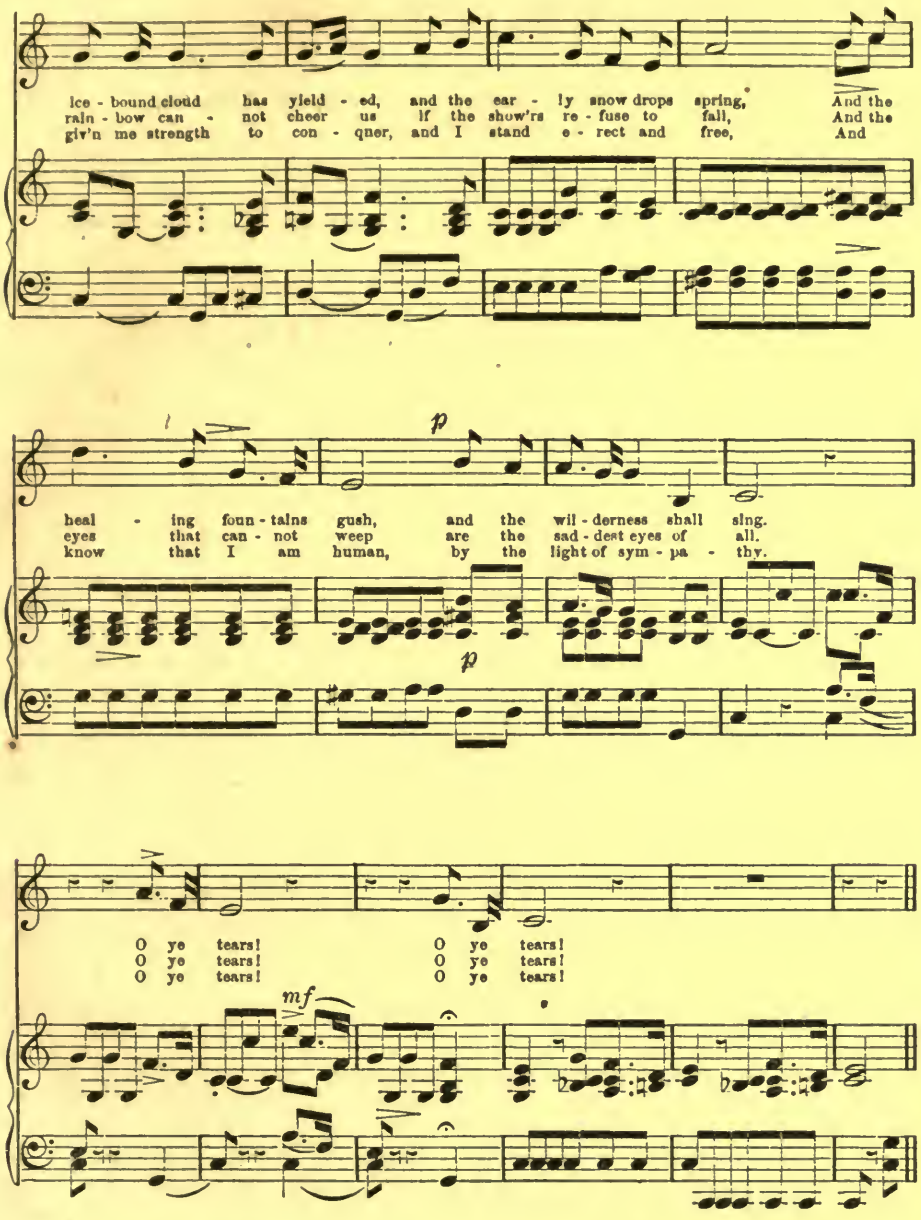
3 Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town:
For men must work, and woman must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the-sooner to sleep
And good bye to the bar and its moaning.

O YE TEARS!

SONG.

WORDS BY DR. MACKAY. MUSIC BY FRANZ. ABT.


Andantino.
1. O ye
2. O ye
3. O ye
PIANO.
mf
dim.
mf
tears! O ye tears! that have long re - fus'd to flow, Ye are
tears! O ye tears! I am thank - ful that ye run, Tho' ye
tears! O ye tears! till I felt ye on my cheek, I was
con espress.
p
wel - come to my heart,..... thaw - ing, thaw - ing like the snow; The
come from cold and dark..... ye shall glit - ter in the sun: The
self - ish in my sor - row; I was stub - born, I was weak. Ye have


ice - bound cloud has yield - ed, and the ear - ly snow drops spring, And the
rain - bow can - not cheer us if the show'rs re - fuse to fall, And the
giv'n me strength to con - quer, and I stand e - rect and free, And
p
heal - ing foun - tains gush, and the wil - derness shall sing.
eyes that can - not weep are the sad - dest eyes of all.
know that I am human, by the light of sym - pa - thy.
p
O ye tears! O ye tears!
O ye tears! O ye tears!
O ye tears! O ye tears!
mf

4. O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain,
The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;
Like the rock that Moses smote amid Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water, to make gladness in the land.
O ye tears! O ye tears!

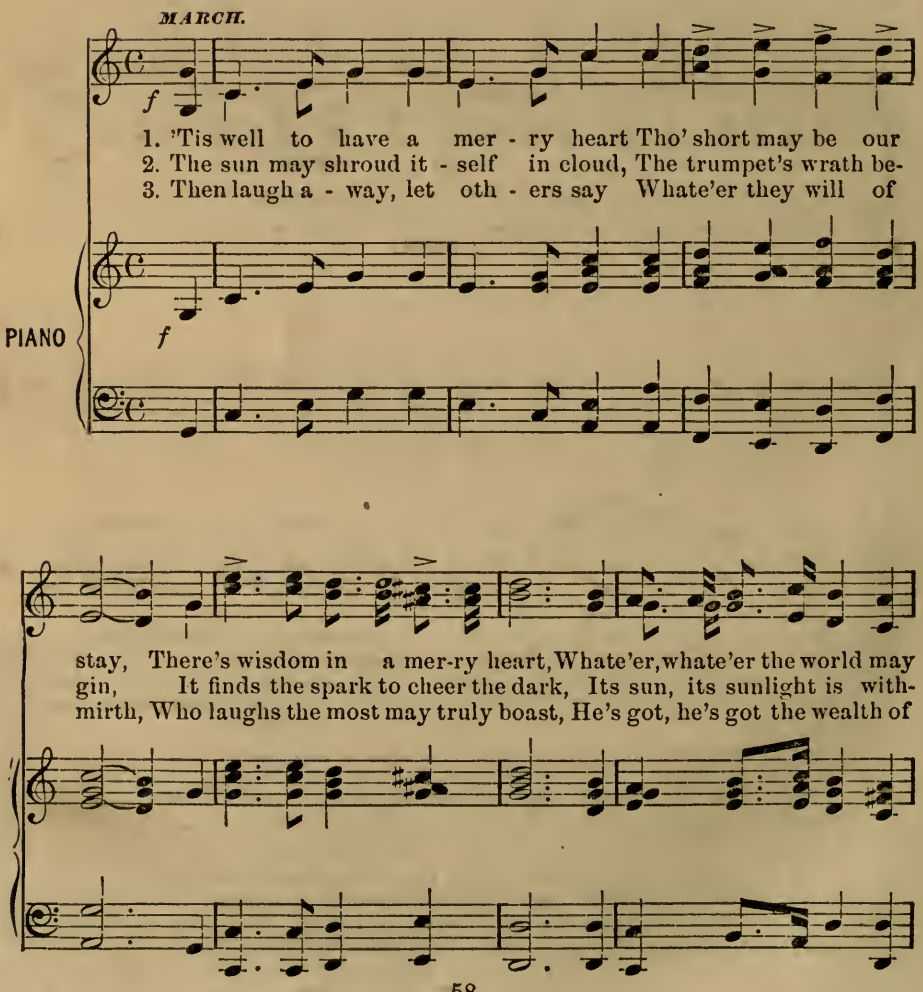
5. There is light upon my path! there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart;
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago,
O ye tears! O happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.
O ye tears! happy tears!

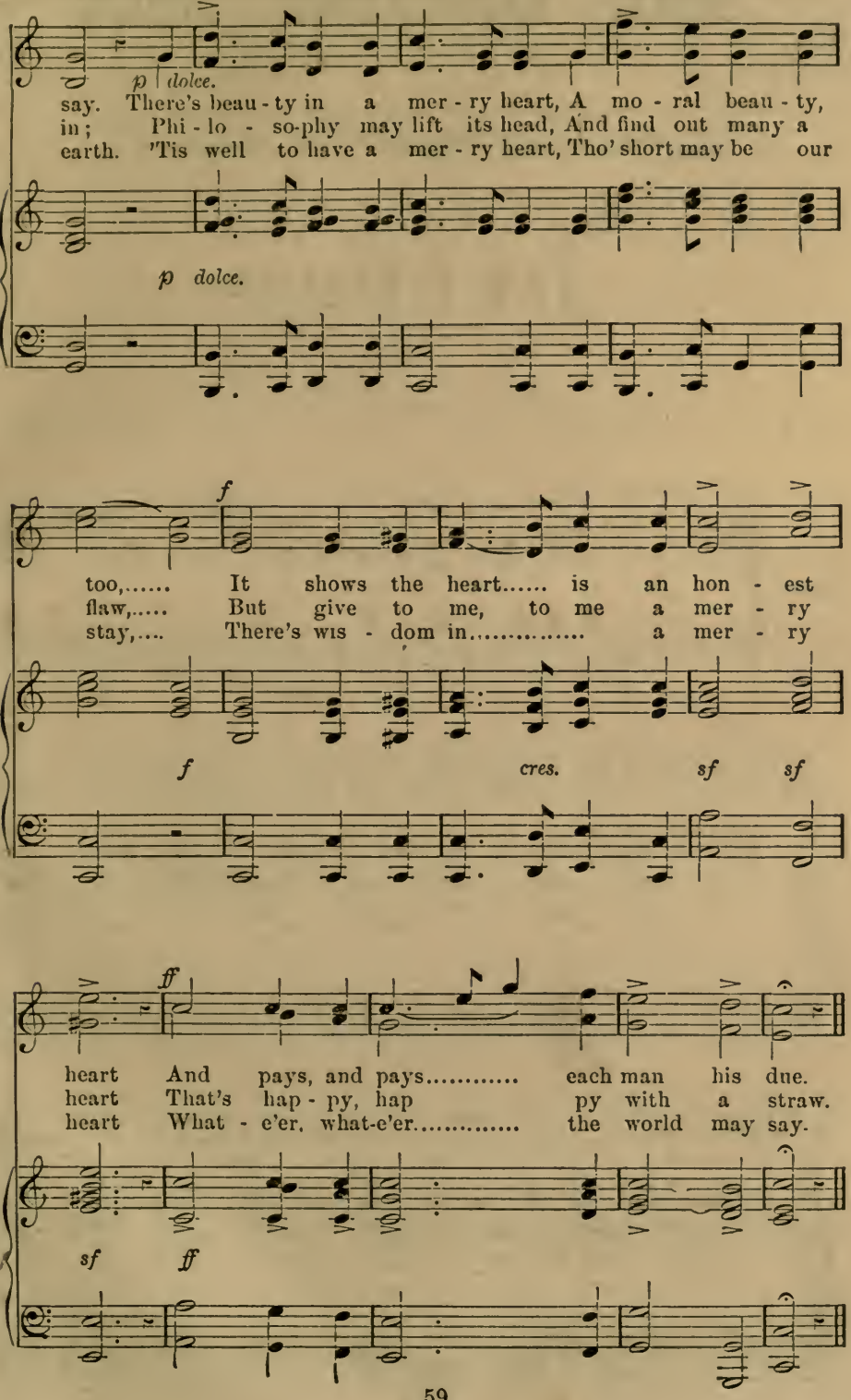
THE MERRY HEART.

Melody: The Guard on the Rhine, by Wilhelm.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

By JEAN LOUIS.

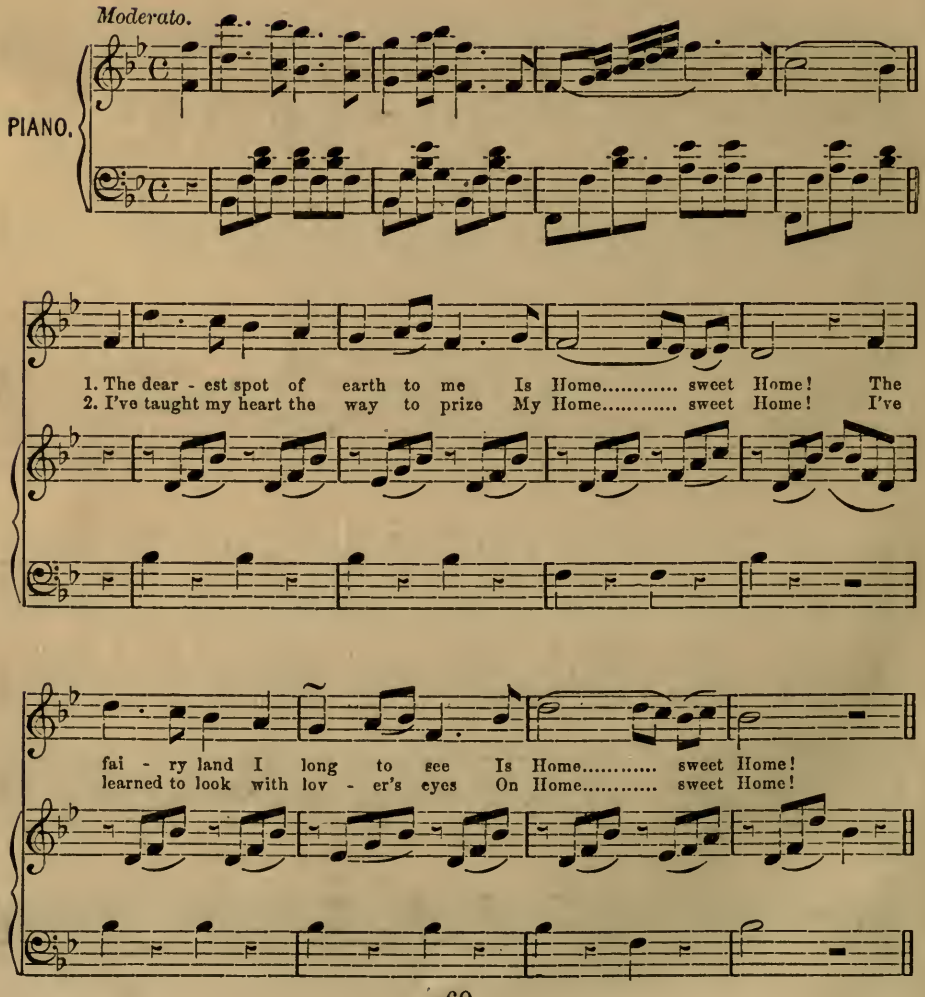

MARCH.
f
1. 'Tis well to have a mer - ry heart Tho' short may be our
2. The sun may shroud it - self in cloud, The trumpet's wrath be-
3. Then laugh a - way, let oth - ers say Whate'er they will of
PIANO
f
stay, There's wisdom in a mer-ry heart, Whate'er, whate'er the world may
gin, It finds the spark to cheer the dark, Its sun, its sunlight is with-
mirth, Who laughs the most may truly boast, He's got, he's got the wealth of


p dolce.
say. There's beau - ty in a mer - ry heart, A mo - ral beau - ty,
in; Phi - lo - so-phy may lift its head, And find out many a
earth. 'Tis well to have a mer - ry heart, Tho' short may be our
p dolce.
f
too,..... It shows the heart..... is an hon - est
flaw,..... But give to me, to me a mer - ry
stay,.... There's wis - dom in..... a mer - ry
f
cres.
sf
sf
ff
heart And pays, and pays..... each man his due.
heart That's hap - py, hap py with a straw.
heart What - e'er, what-e'er..... the world may say.
sf
ff

The Dearest Spot.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

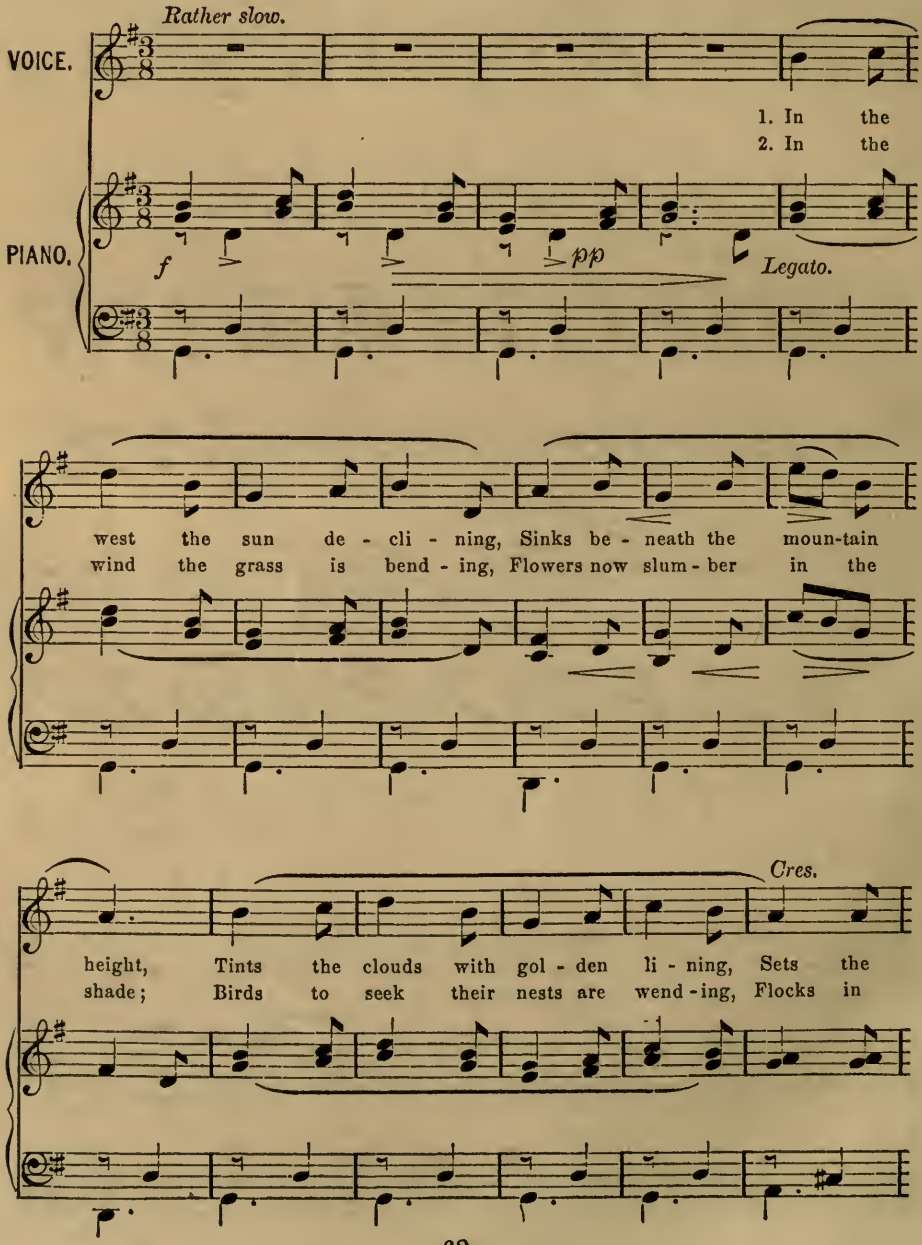
By W. T. Wrighton.

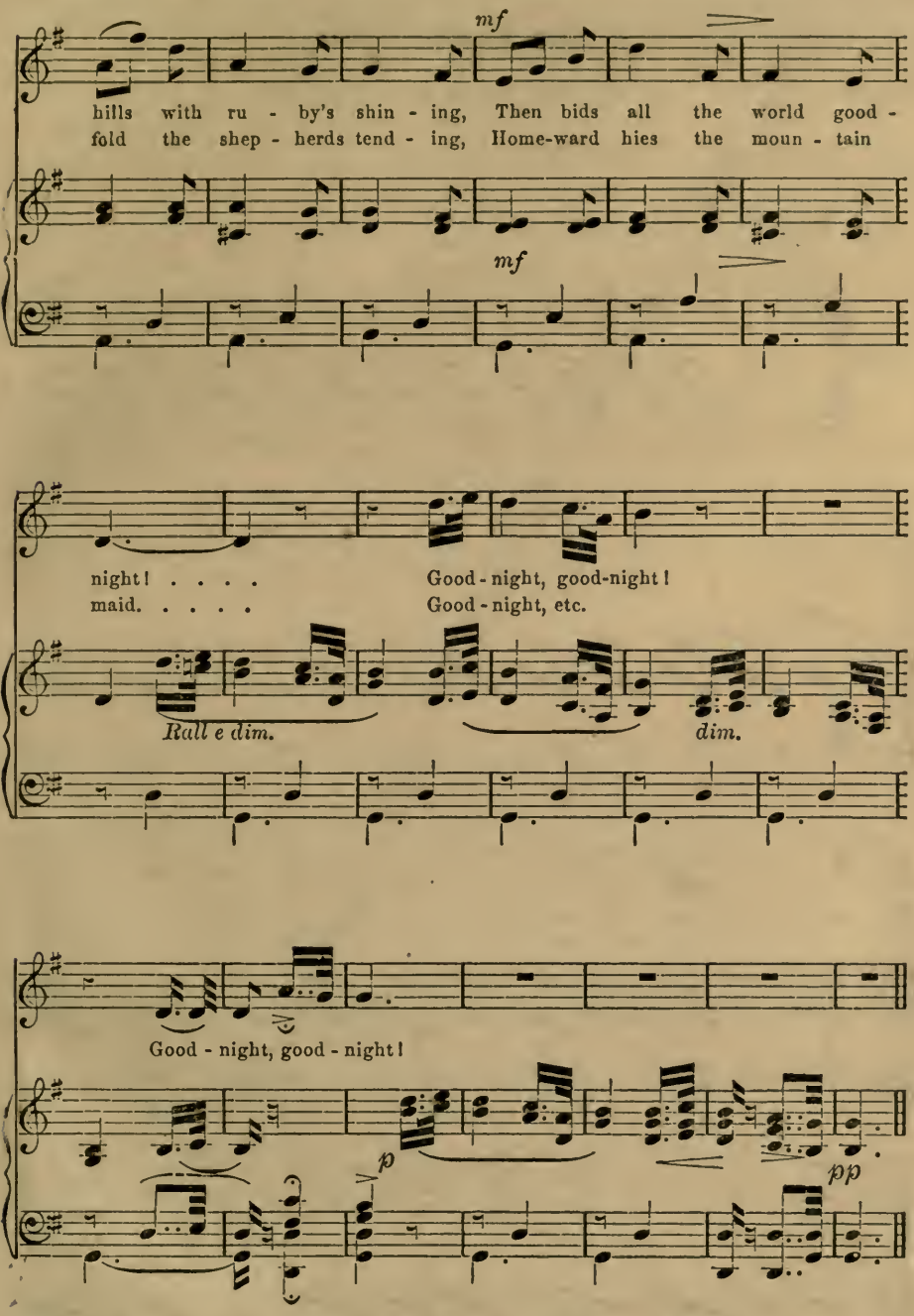

Moderato.
PIANO.
1. The dear - est spot of earth to me Is Home..... sweet Home! The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My Home..... sweet Home! I've
fai - ry land I long to see Is Home..... sweet Home!
learned to look with lov - er's eyes On Home..... sweet Home!

Più mosso.
There, how charm'd the sense of hear - ing! There, where love is so en - dear - ing!
There, where vows are tru - ly plight-ed! There, where hearts are so u - nit - ed!
dim e rall.
a tempo.
All the world is not so cheer - ing As Home..... sweet Home! The
All the world be - sides I've slight - ed For Home..... sweet Home! The
dear-est spot of earth to me Is Home..... sweet Home! The fai - ry land I
ad lib.
long to see Is Home..... sweet Home!

EVENING SONG.

English version by J. E. CARPENTER. Music by FRANZ ABT.


Rather slow.
VOICE.
1. In the
2. In the
PIANO.
f
pp
Legato.
west the sun de - cli - ning, Sinks be - neath the moun-tain
wind the grass is bend - ing, Flowers now slum - ber in the
Cres.
height, Tints the clouds with gol - den li - ning, Sets the
shade; Birds to seek their nests are wend - ing, Flocks in


mf
hills with ru - by's shin - ing, Then bids all the world good -
fold the shep - herds tend - ing, Home-ward hies the moun - tain
mf
night! . . . . Good - night, good-night!
maid. . . . . Good - night, etc.
Rall e dim.
dim.
Good - night, good - night!
p
pp

3 Bleaker winds the flowers benumbing;
On the hearth the cricket sings;
Home the laden bee flies humming,
And the drowsy bat is coming,
Darting on his leathern wings.
Good-night!

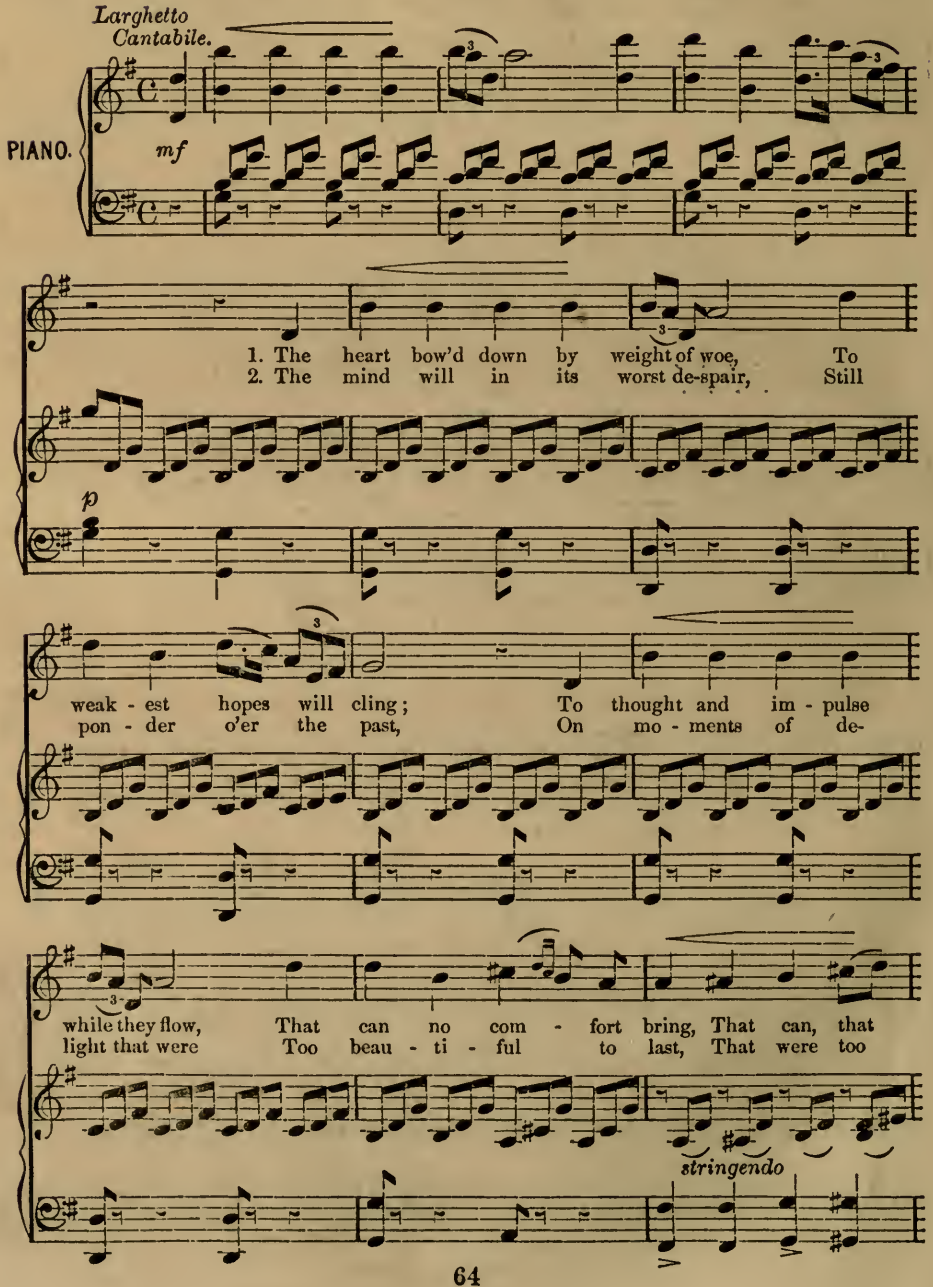
4 Man now seeks his peaceful dwelling,
Circles round the ruddy blaze,
Of the sweets of labour telling,
Till his heart with raptre swelling
Grateful gives his Maker praise.
Good-night!

HEART BOWED DOWN.

FROM THE OPERA OF THE

BOHEMIAN GIRL.

M. W. BALFE.


Larghetto
Cantabile.
PIANO.
mf
1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To
2. The mind will in its worst de-spair, Still
p
weak - est hopes will cling; To thought and im - pulse
pon - der o'er the past, On mo - ments of de-
while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, That can, that
light that were Too beau - ti - ful to last, That were too
stringendo

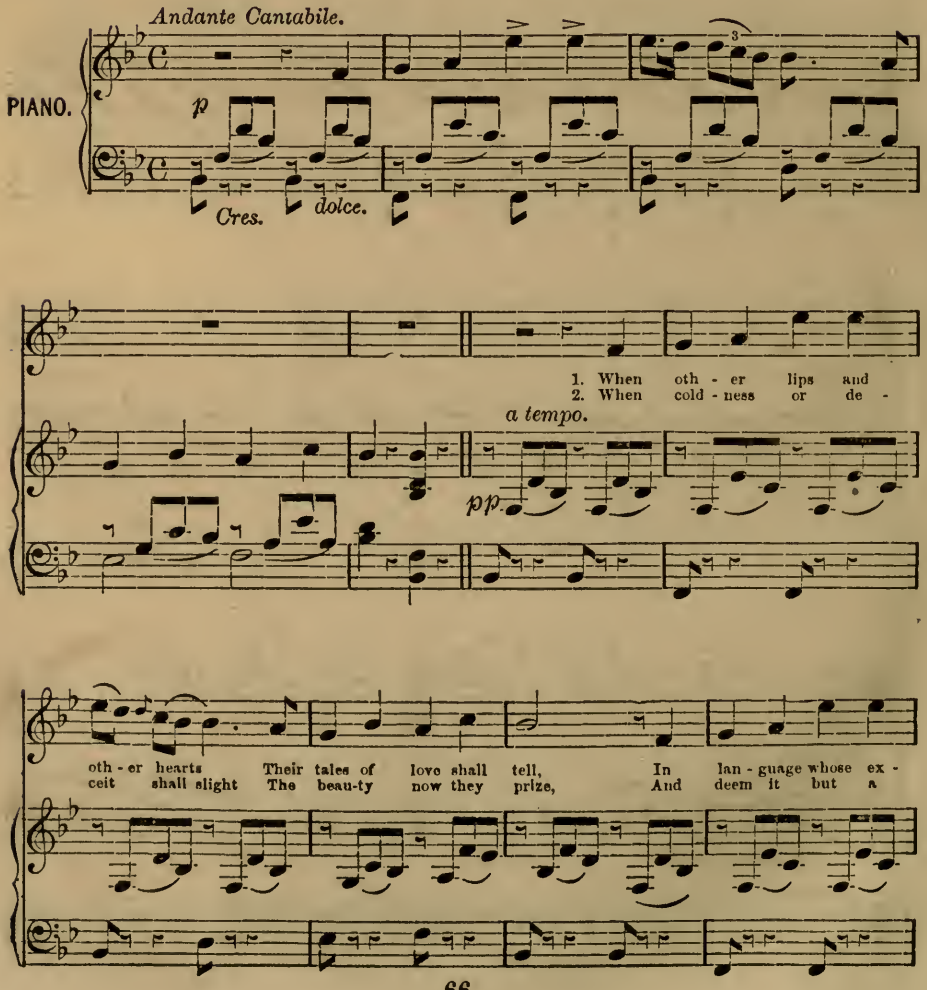
rall.
can no com - - fort bring. With those ex - cit - ing
beau-ti-ful, too beau-ti-ful to last. To long de - part - ed
colla parte.
pp
con espress: di dolore.
scenes will blend, O'er pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But mem'-ry is the
years ex-tend, Its vis - ions with them flown, For mem'-ry is the
p
on - ly friend That grief can call its own, That
grief can call its own, That grief can call its own.
cresc.
stringendo.
f
f

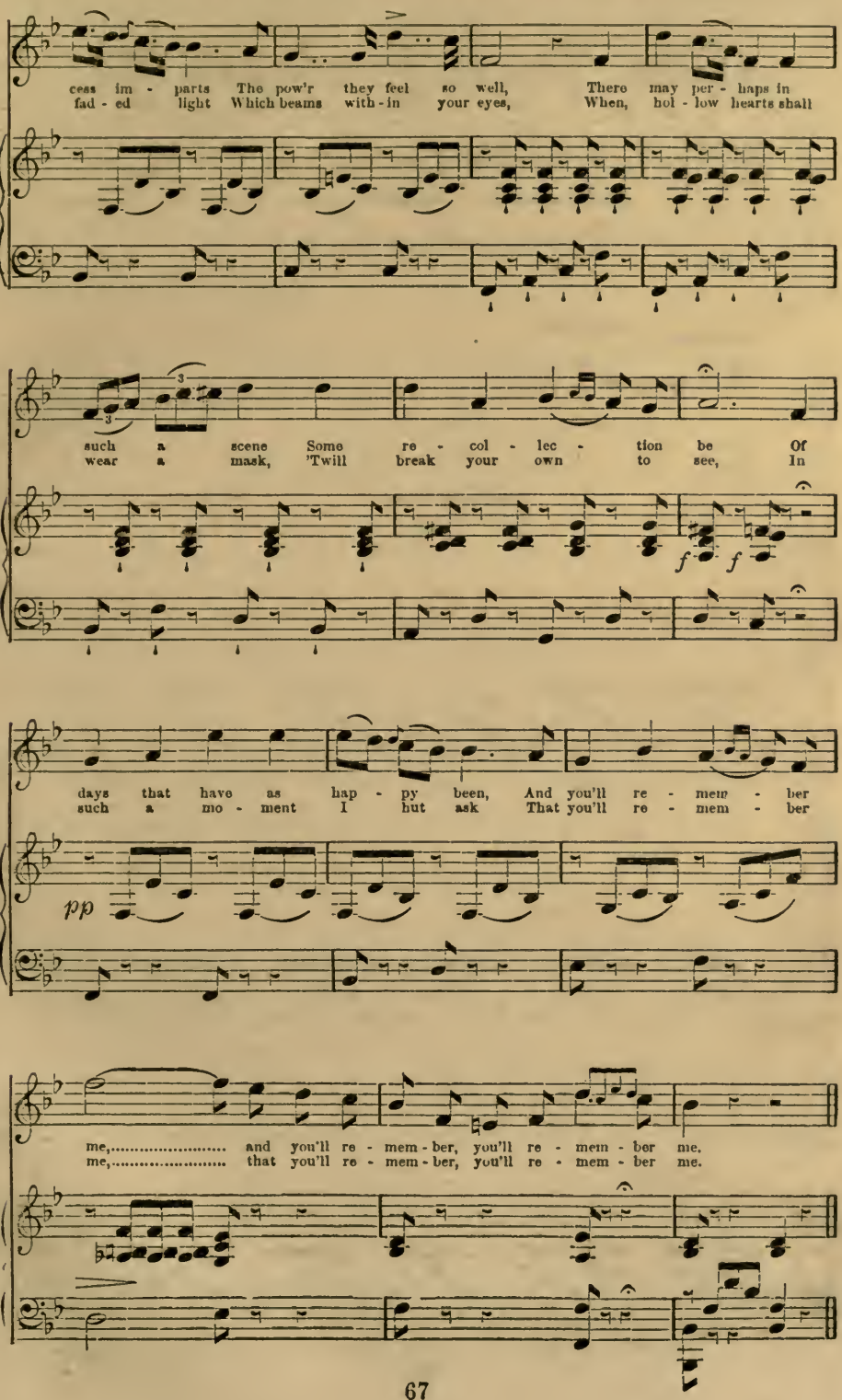
Then You'll Remember Me.

As sung in the Opera of the

Bohemian Girl.

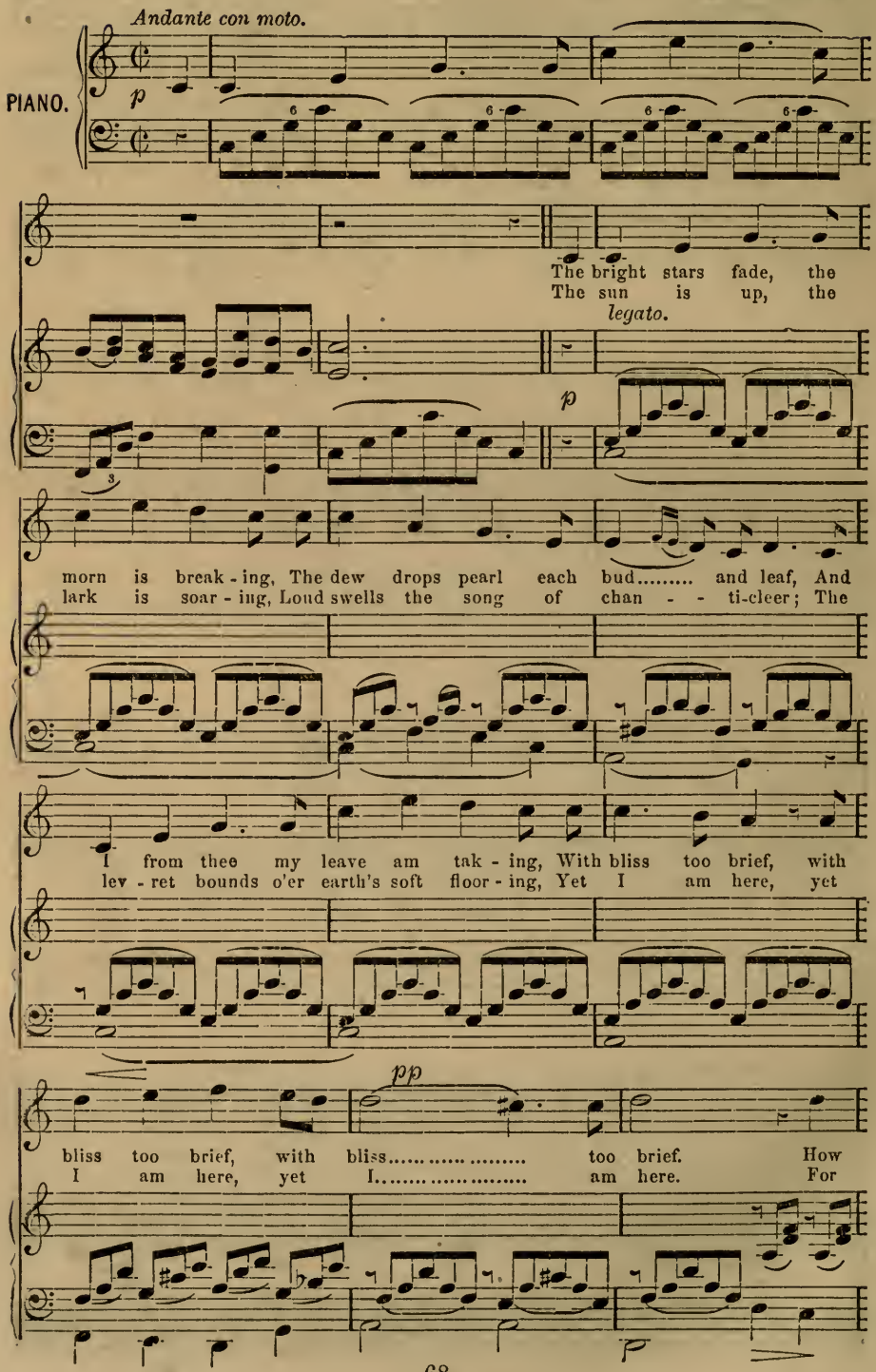
Words by ALFRED BUNN, Esq. Music by M. W. BALFE.


Andante Cantabile.
PIANO.
p
Cres.
dolce.
1. When oth - er lips and
2. When cold - ness or de -
a tempo.
pp
oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In lan - guage whose ex -
ceit shall slight The beau-ty now they prize, And deem it but a


cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well, There may per - haps in
fad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes, When, hol - low hearts shall
such a scene Some re - col - lec - tion be Of
wear a mask, 'Twill break your own to see, In
f f
days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
such a mo - ment I but ask That you'll re - mem - ber
pp
me,..... and you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
me,..... that you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

"GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD BYE."

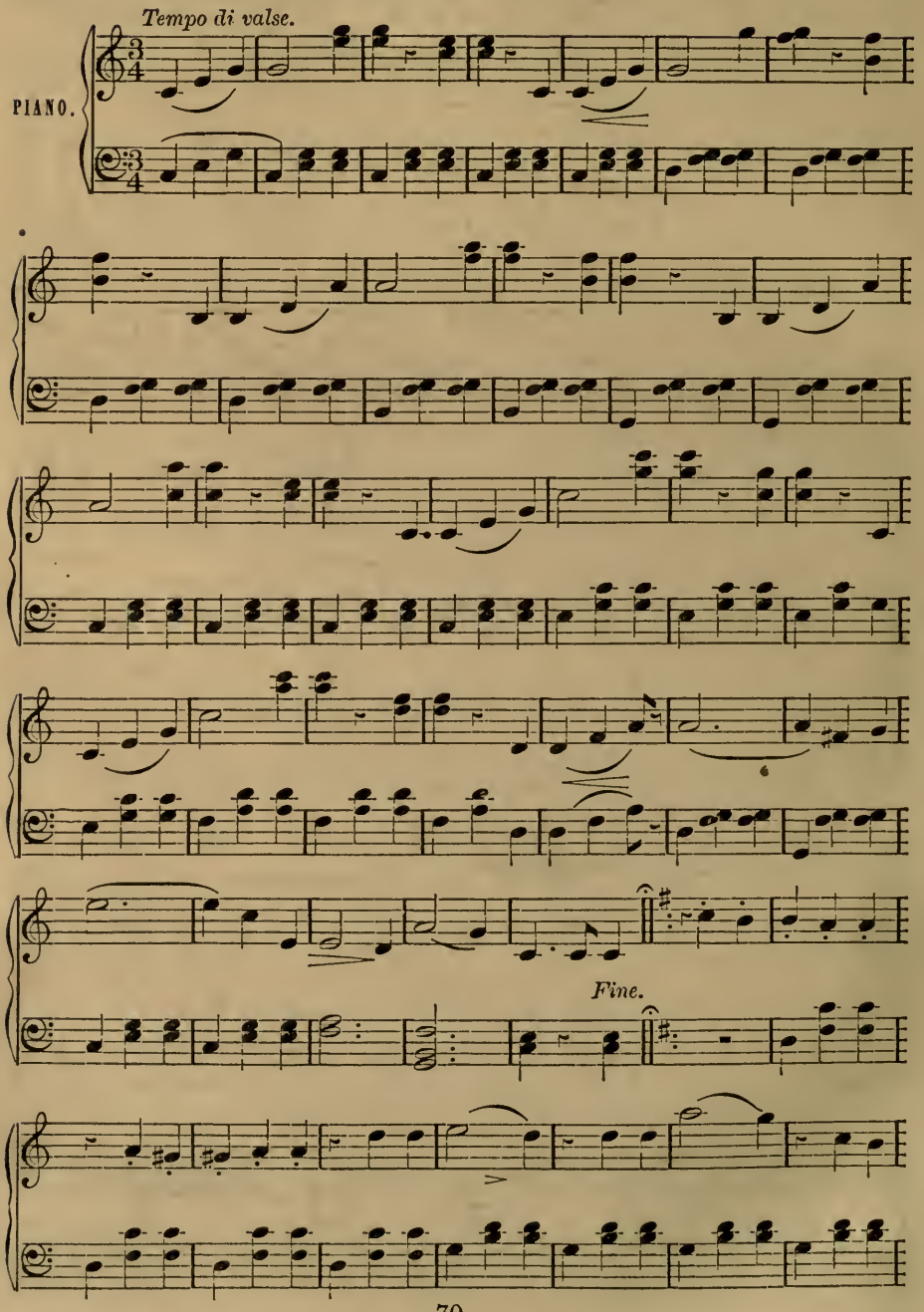
JOHN L. HATTON.

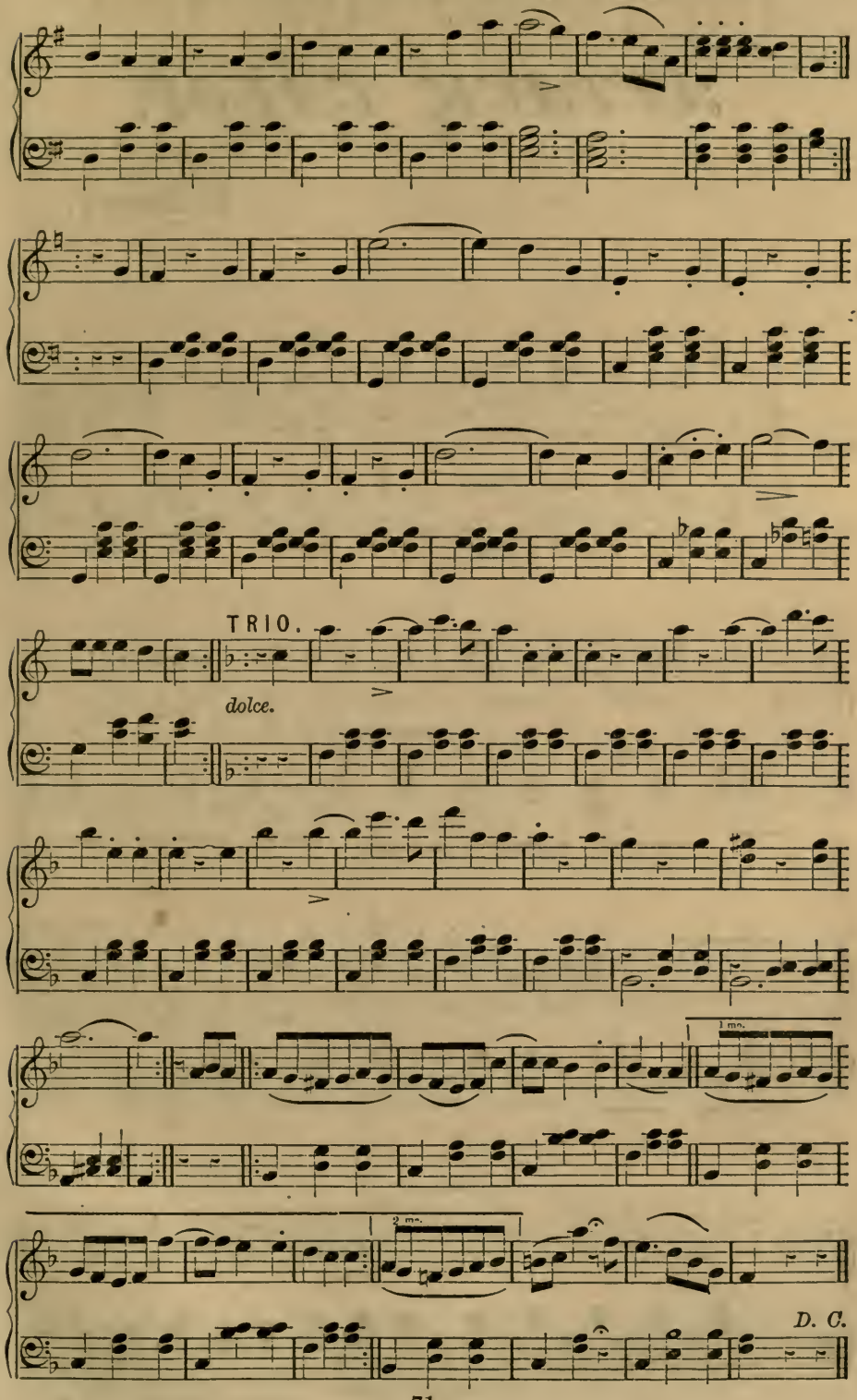

Andante con moto.
PIANO.
p
The bright stars fade, the
The sun is up, the
legato.
p
morn is break - ing, The dew drops pearl each bud..... and leaf, And
lark is soar - ing, Loud swells the song of chan - - ti-cleer; The
I from thee my leave am tak - ing, With bliss too brief, with
lev - ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor - ing, Yet I am here, yet
pp
bliss too brief, with bliss..... too brief. How
I am here, yet I..... am here. For
p

sinks my heart with fond a - larms, The tear is hid - ing
since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo - ral
p
in my eye, For time doth thrust me from thine arms; "Good
lips doth hie, I could not leave thee, tho' I said, "Good
pp
con mo'o.
bye, sweet-heart, good bye! Good bye, sweet-heart, good
bye, sweet-heart, good bye! Good bye, sweet-heart, good
cres molto.
bye!" For time doth thrust me
bye!" I could not leave thee,
from thine arms, "Good bye, sweet - heart, good bye!"
tho' I said, "Good bye, sweet - heart, good bye!"

BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE WALTZ.

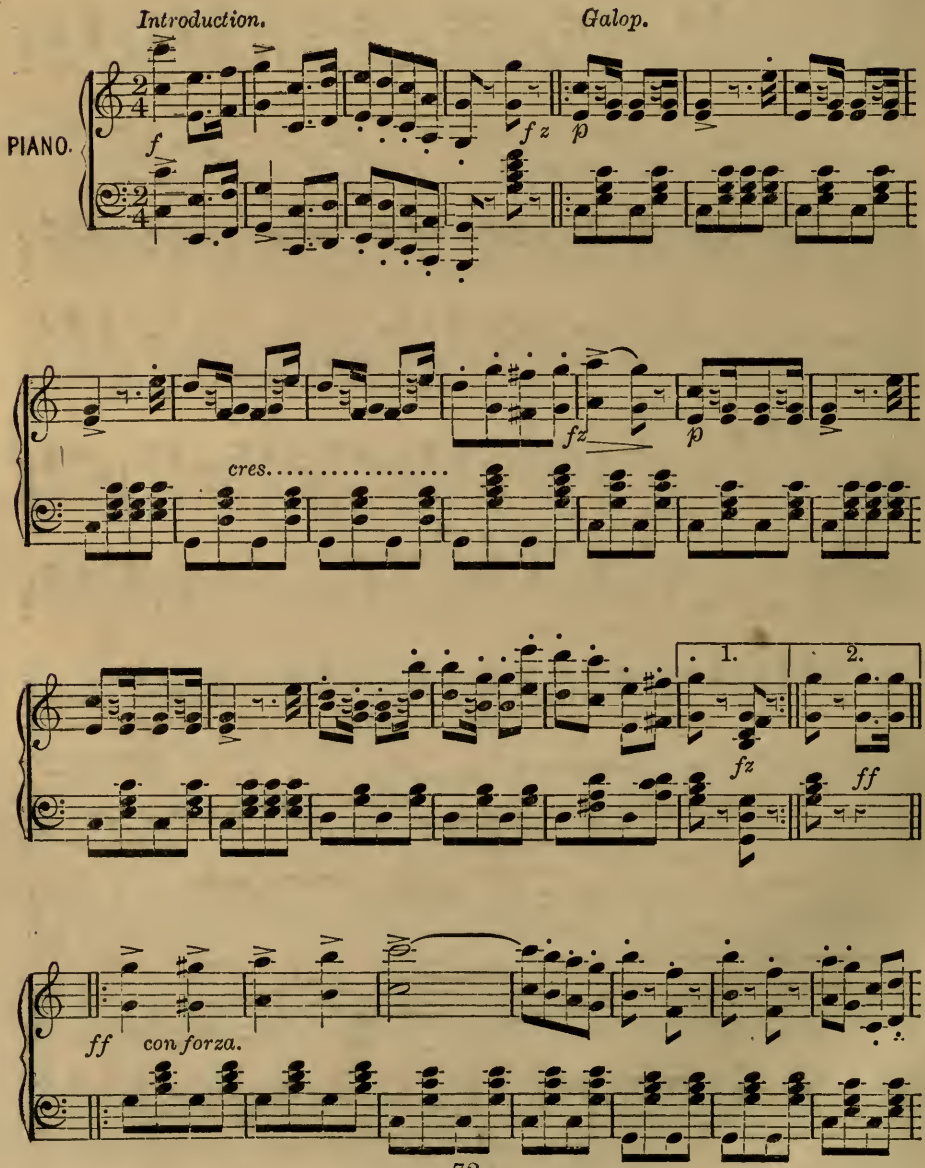
Arranged by SEP. WINNER.

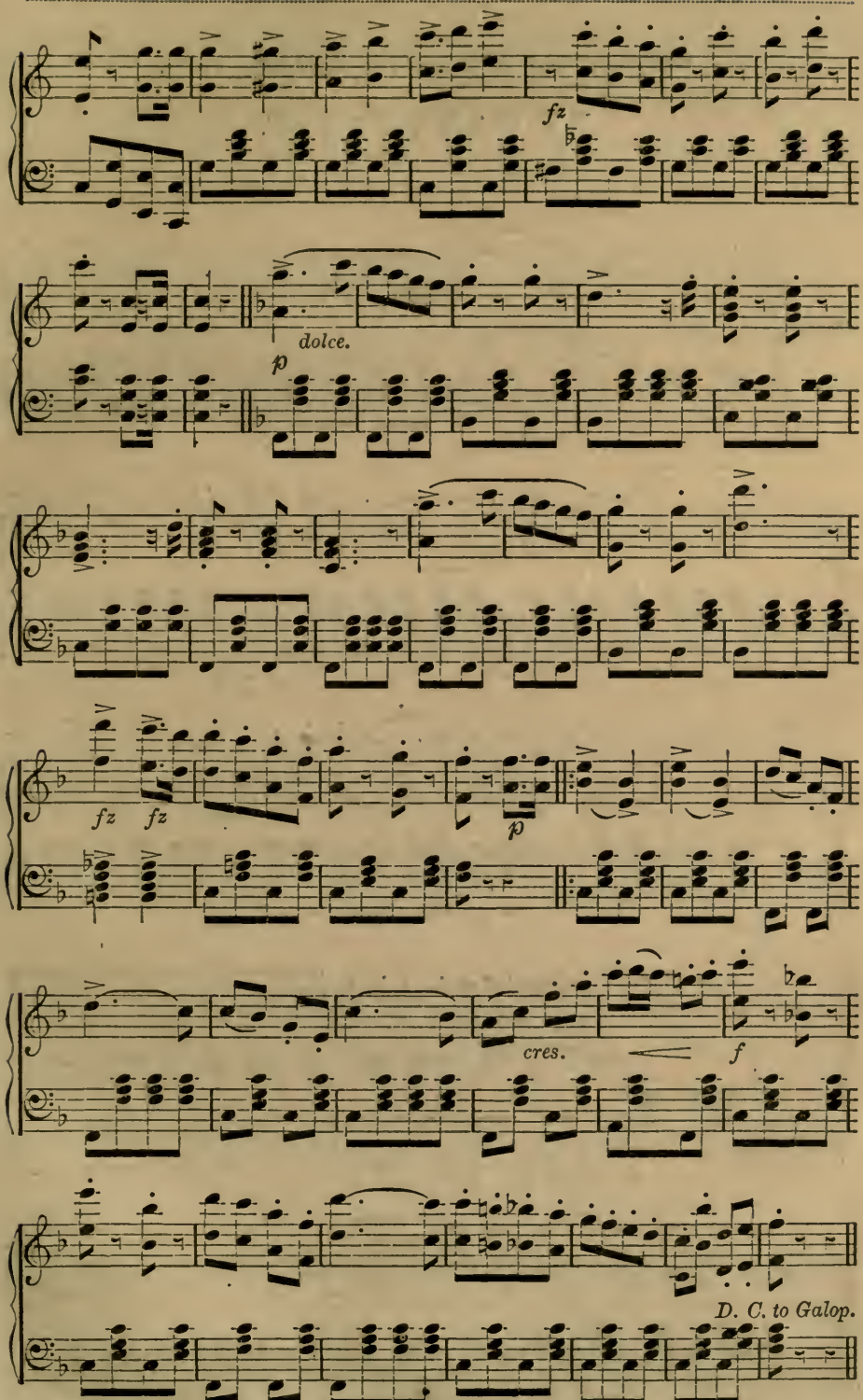



TRIO.
dolce.
1 mo.
2 mo.
D. C.

ATTACK GALOP.

F. ZIKOFF.

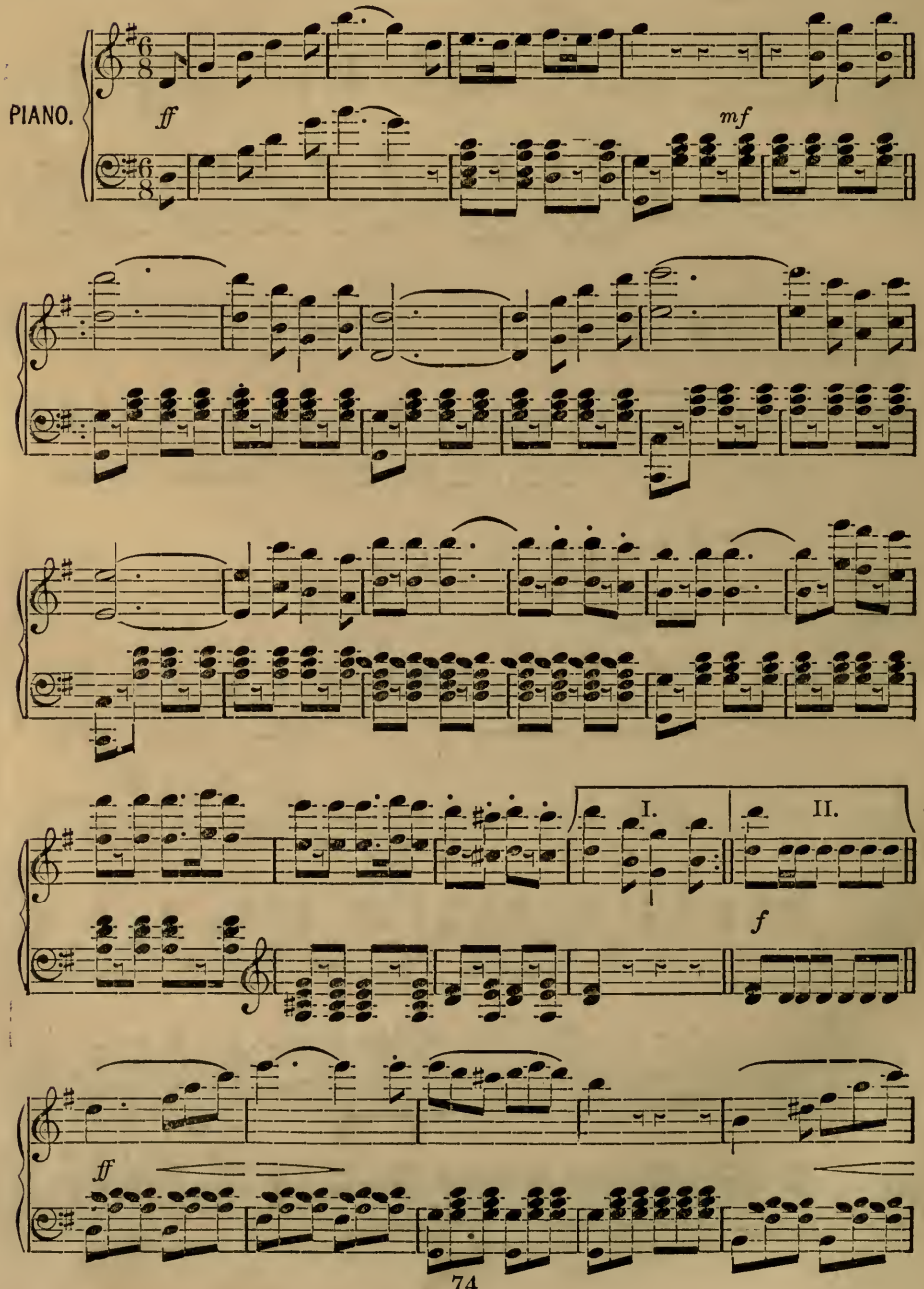


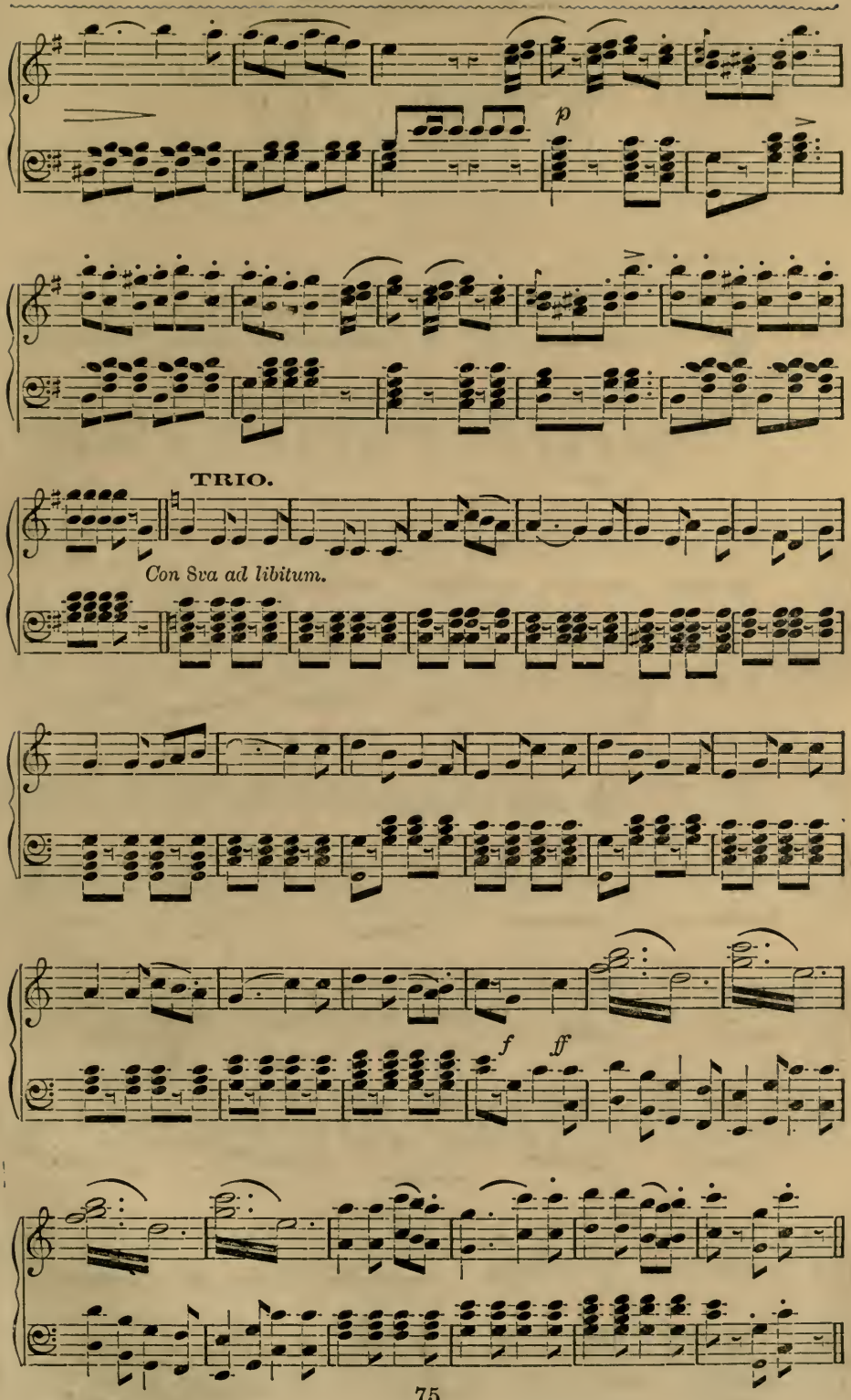

fz
dolce.
p
fz
fz
p
cres.
f
D. C. to Galop.

GOOD LUCK MARCH.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

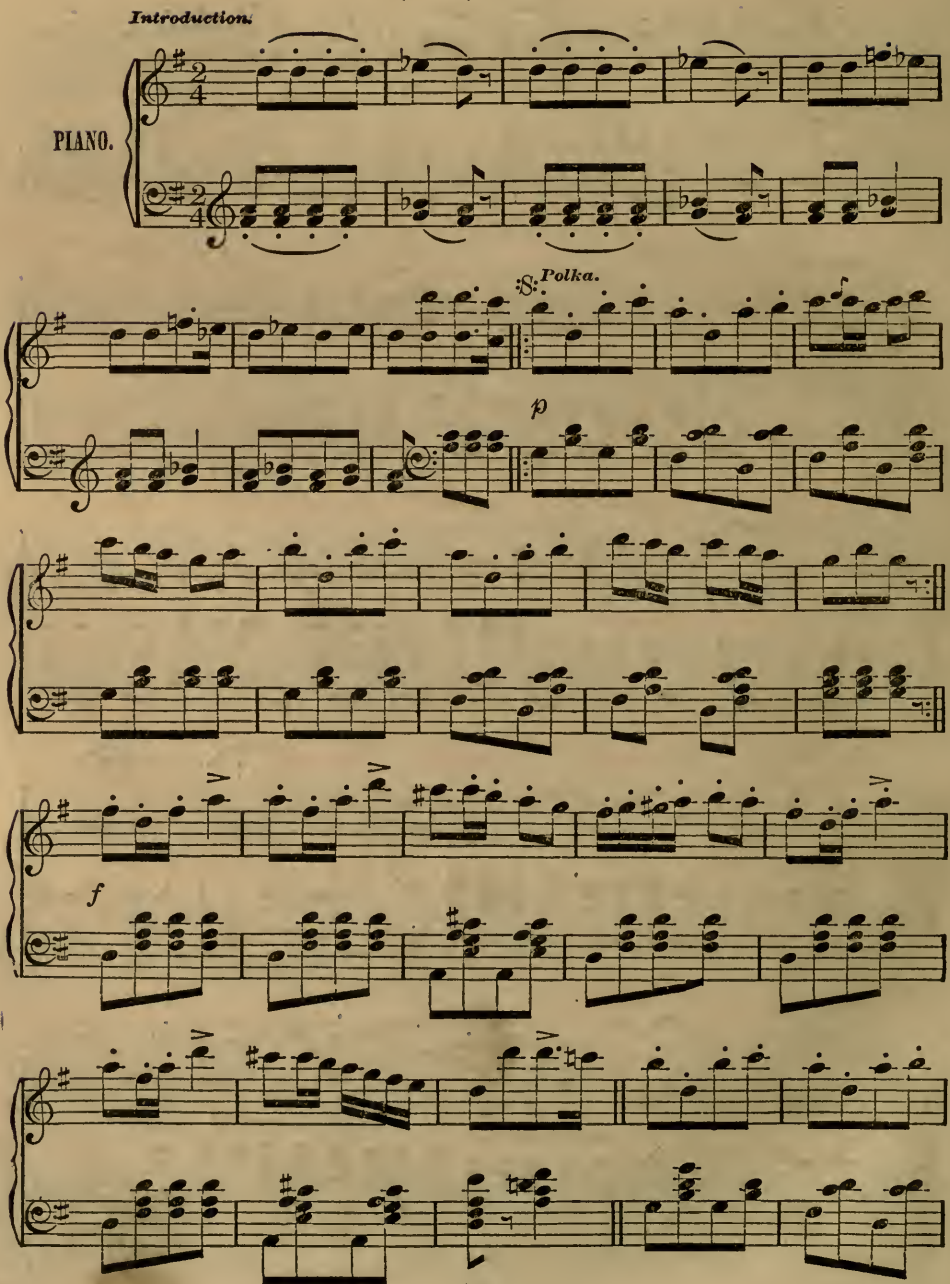
BY CARL FAUST.

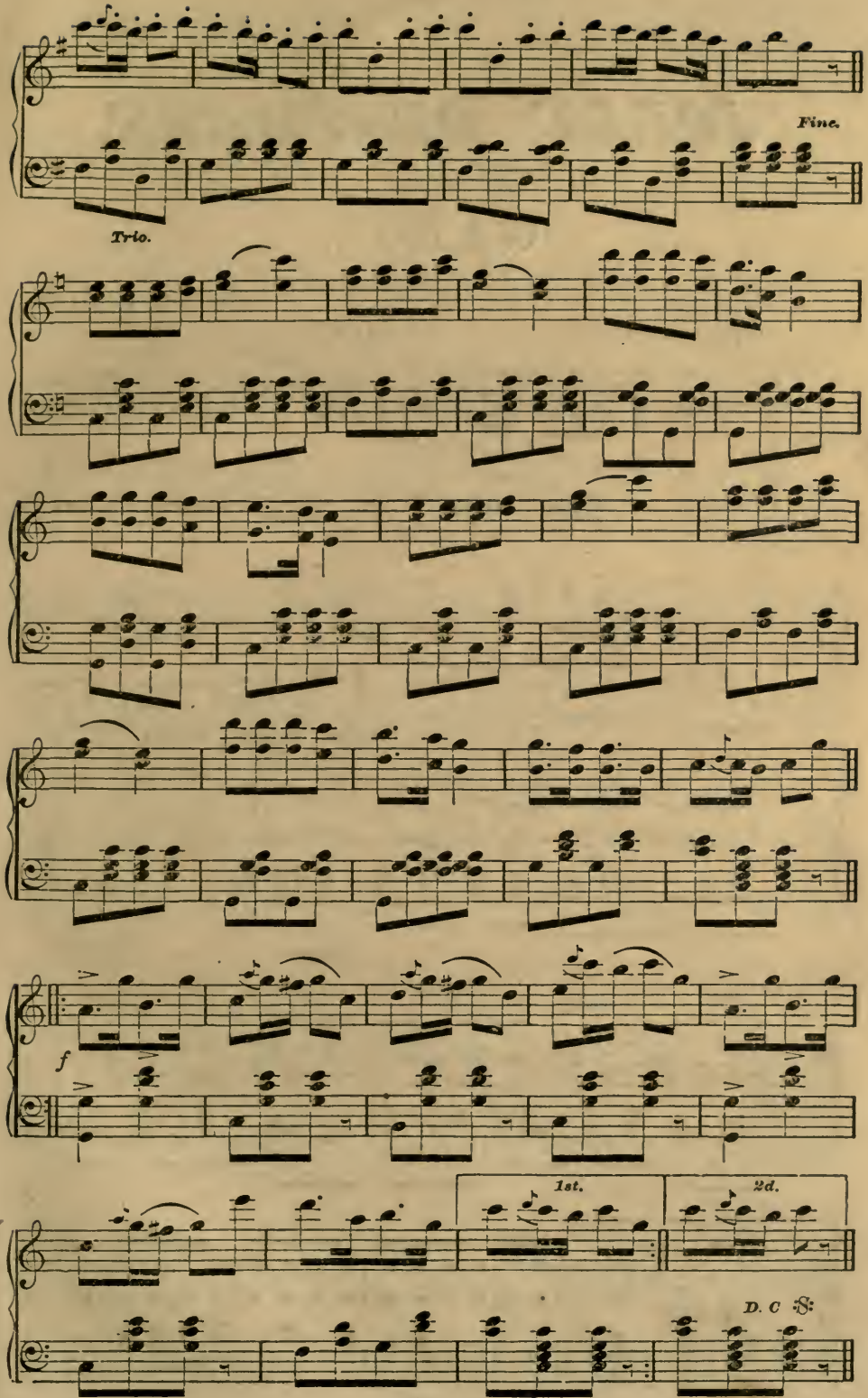



p
TRIO.
Con Sva ad libitum.
f
ff

SLUMBER POLKA.

By Beyer.

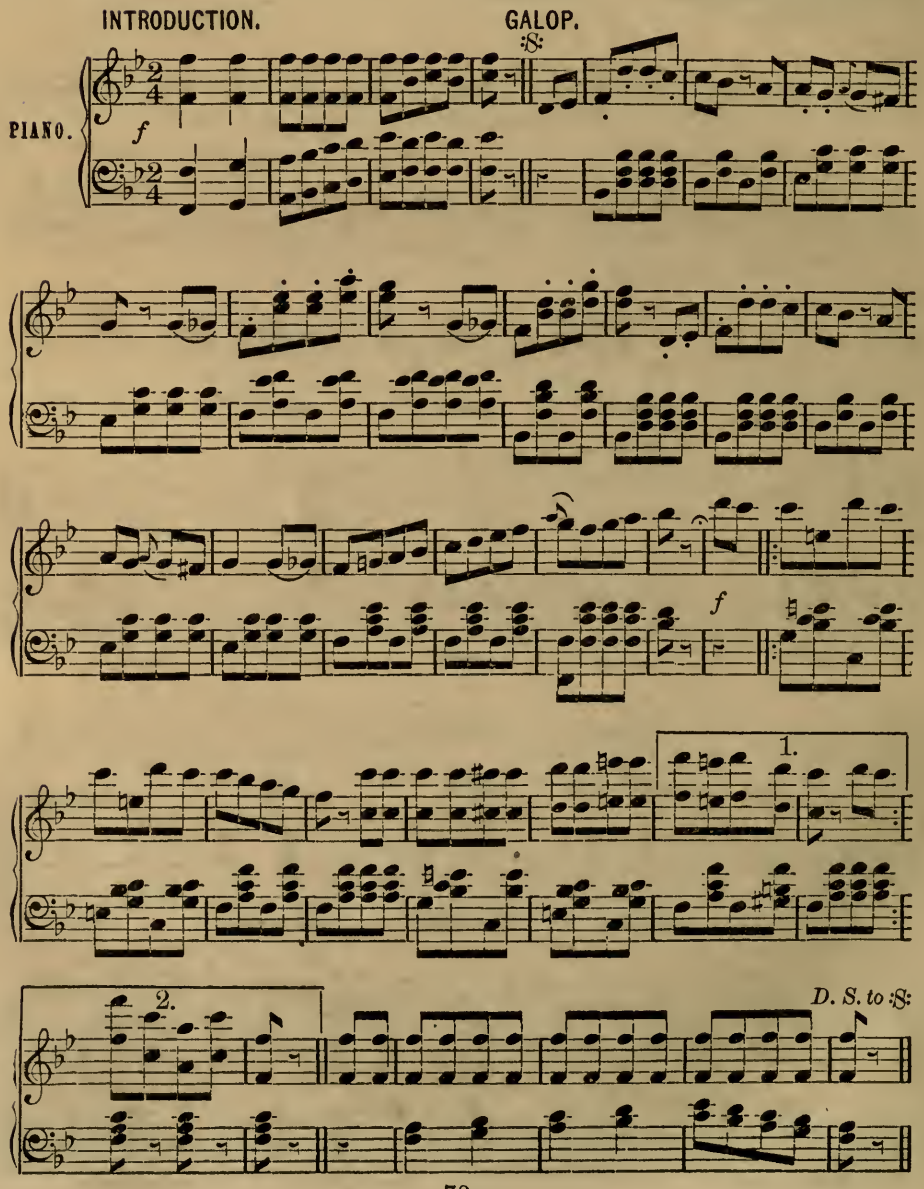


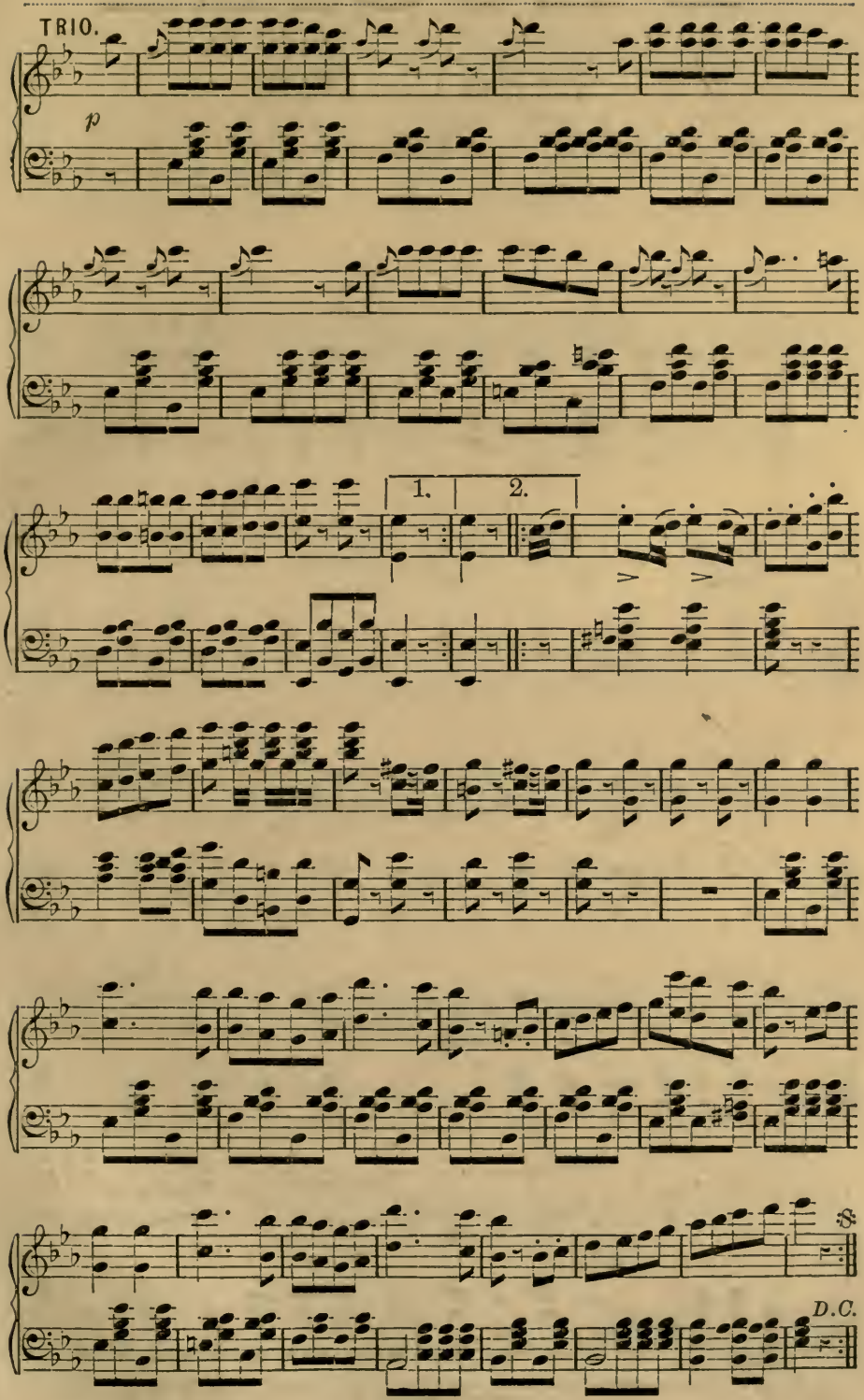

Fine.
Trio.
f
1st.
2d.
D. C.

JOLLY BROTHERS.

GALOP.

FRANZ BUDIK.

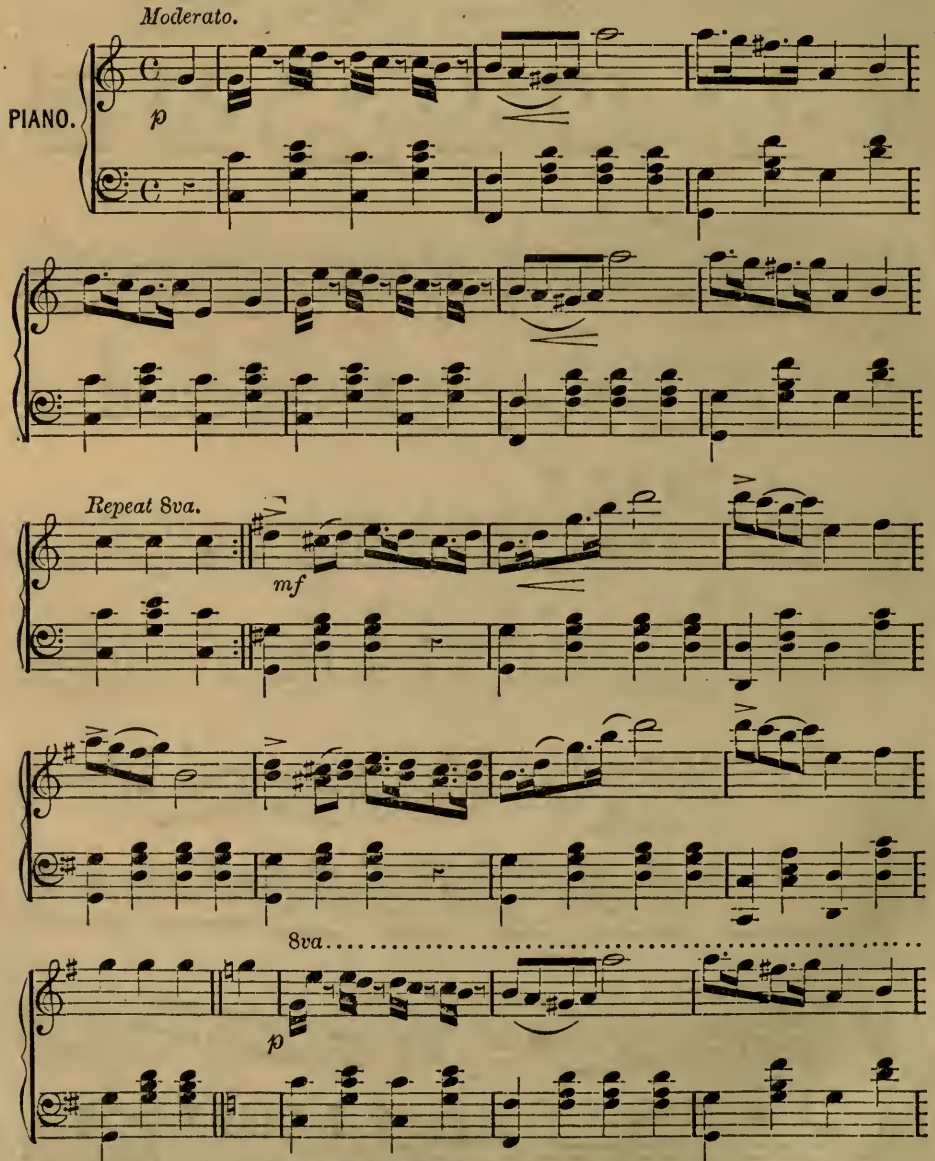



TRIO.
p
1.
2.
D.C.

L'ETOILE

SCHOTTISCH.

By CHAS. D. RENTGEN.

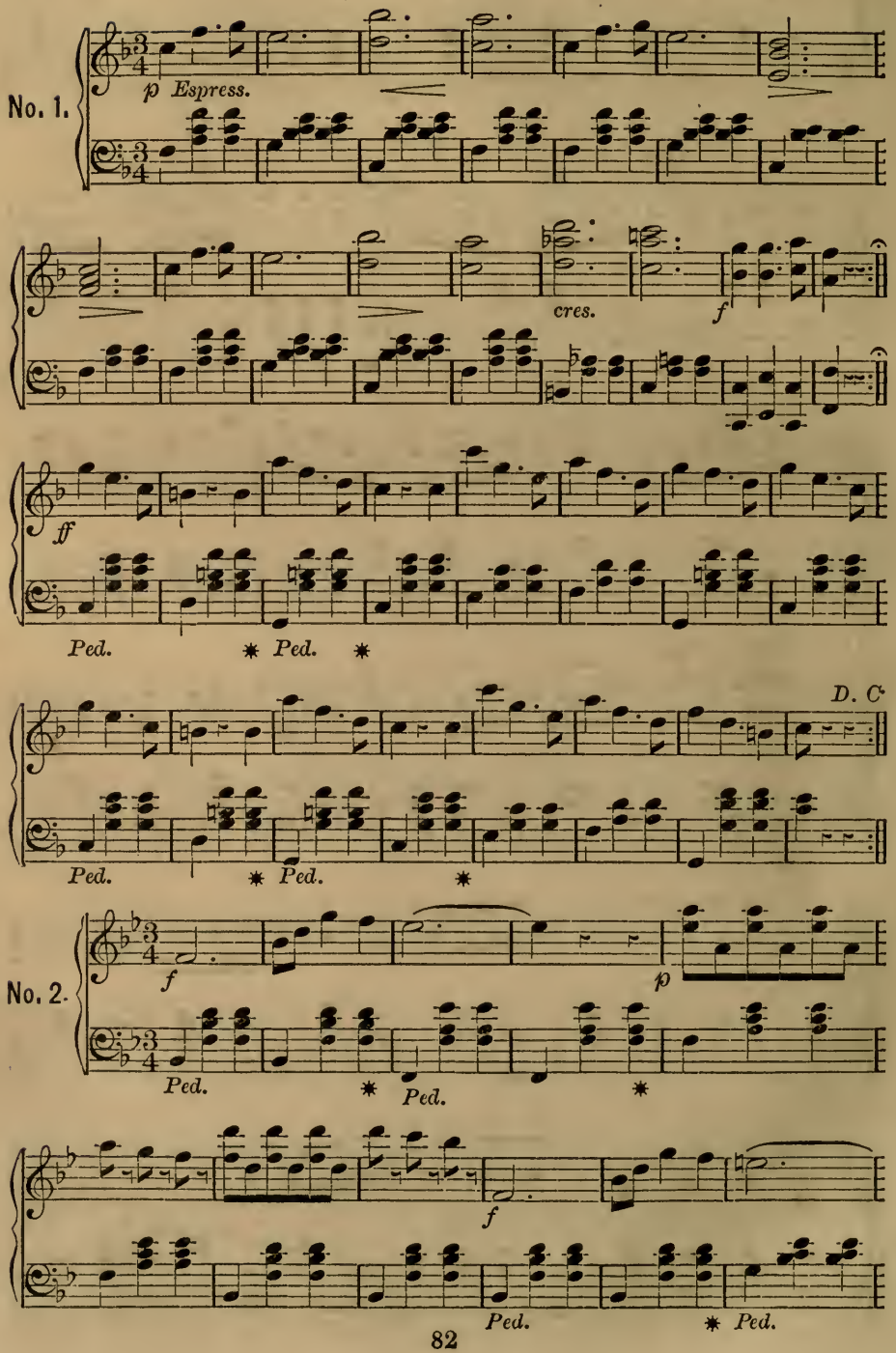


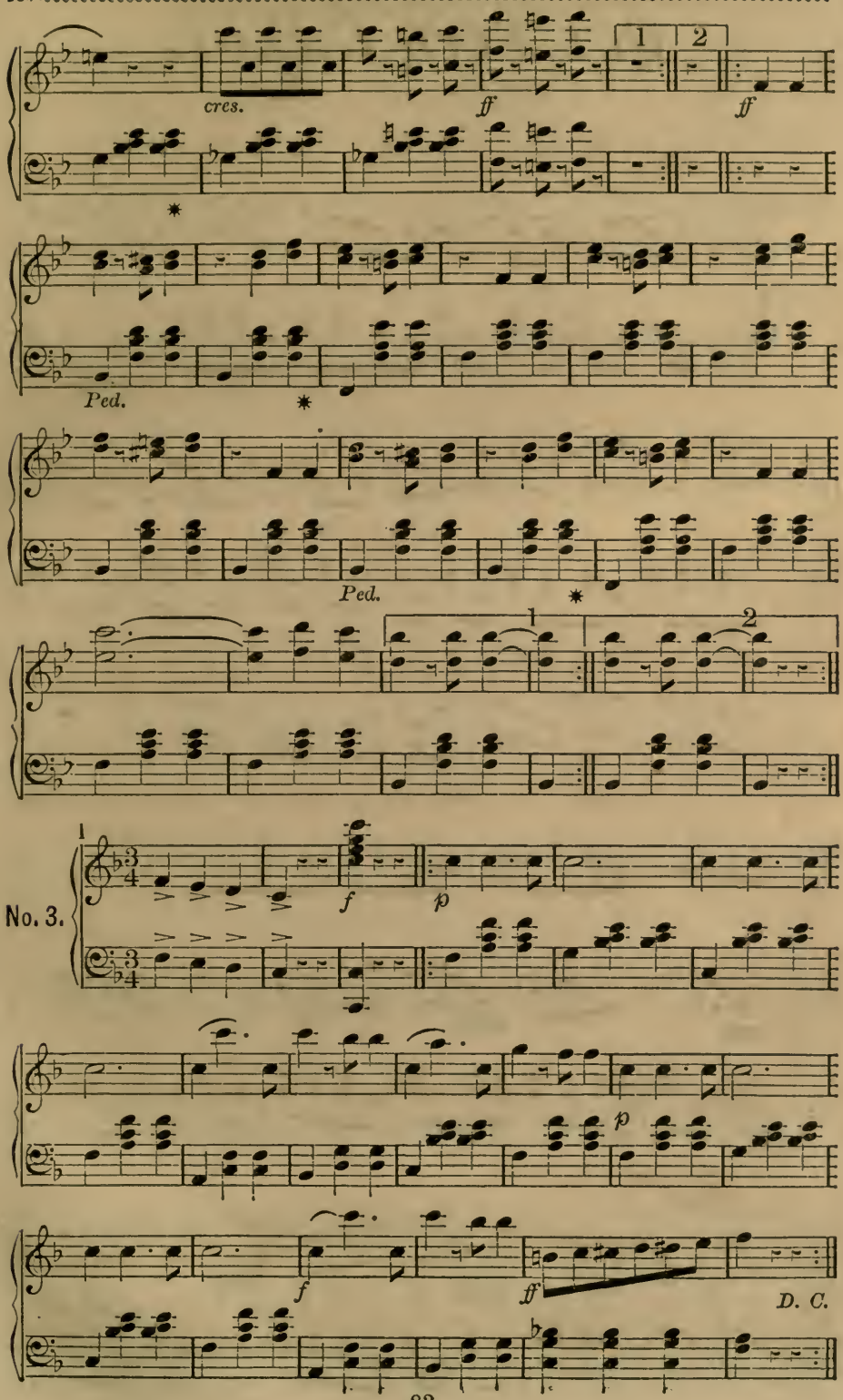
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by SEP. WINNER, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

8va.....
TRIO.
8va..... loco.
Delicato.
p
p

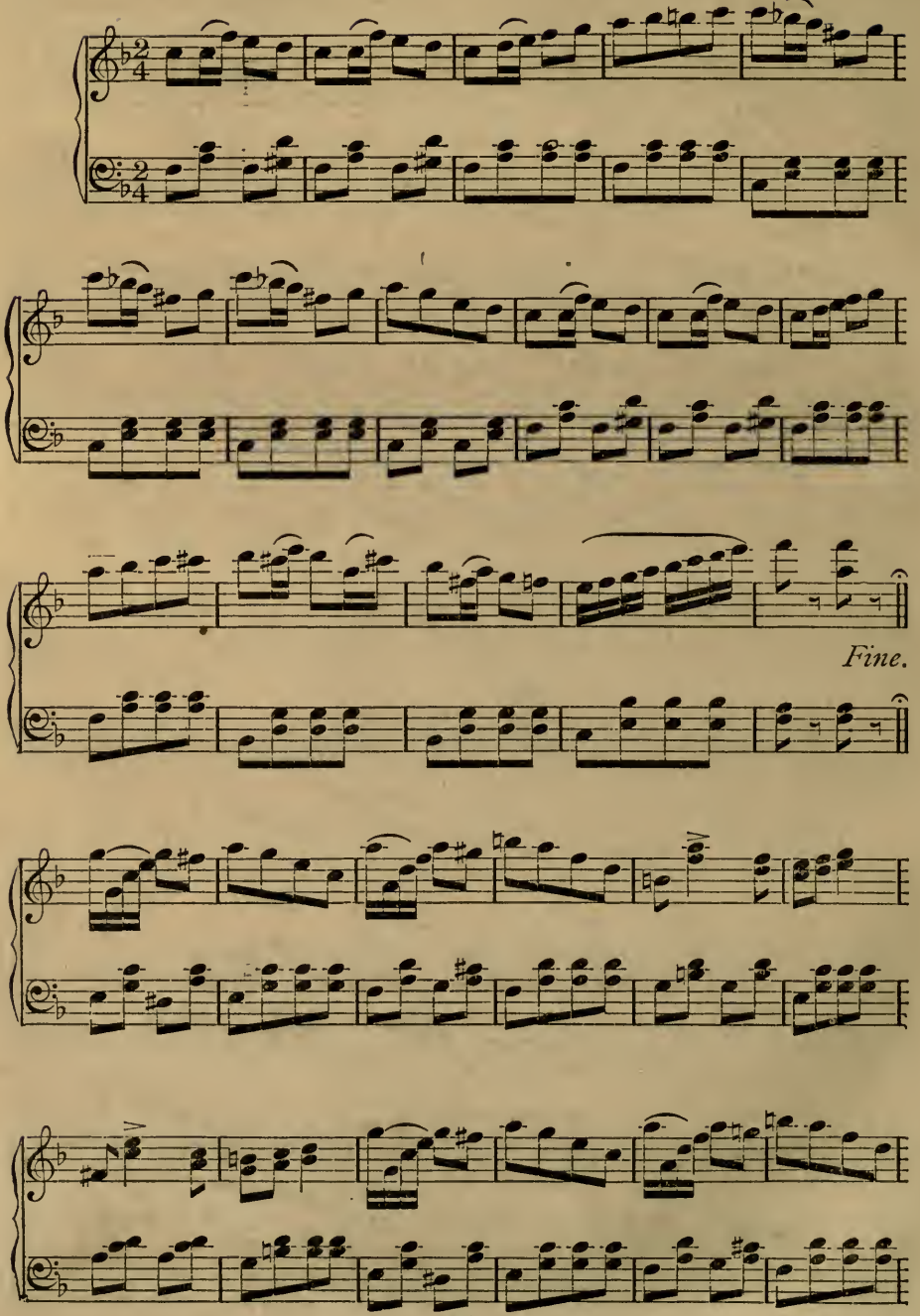
PERI WALTZES.

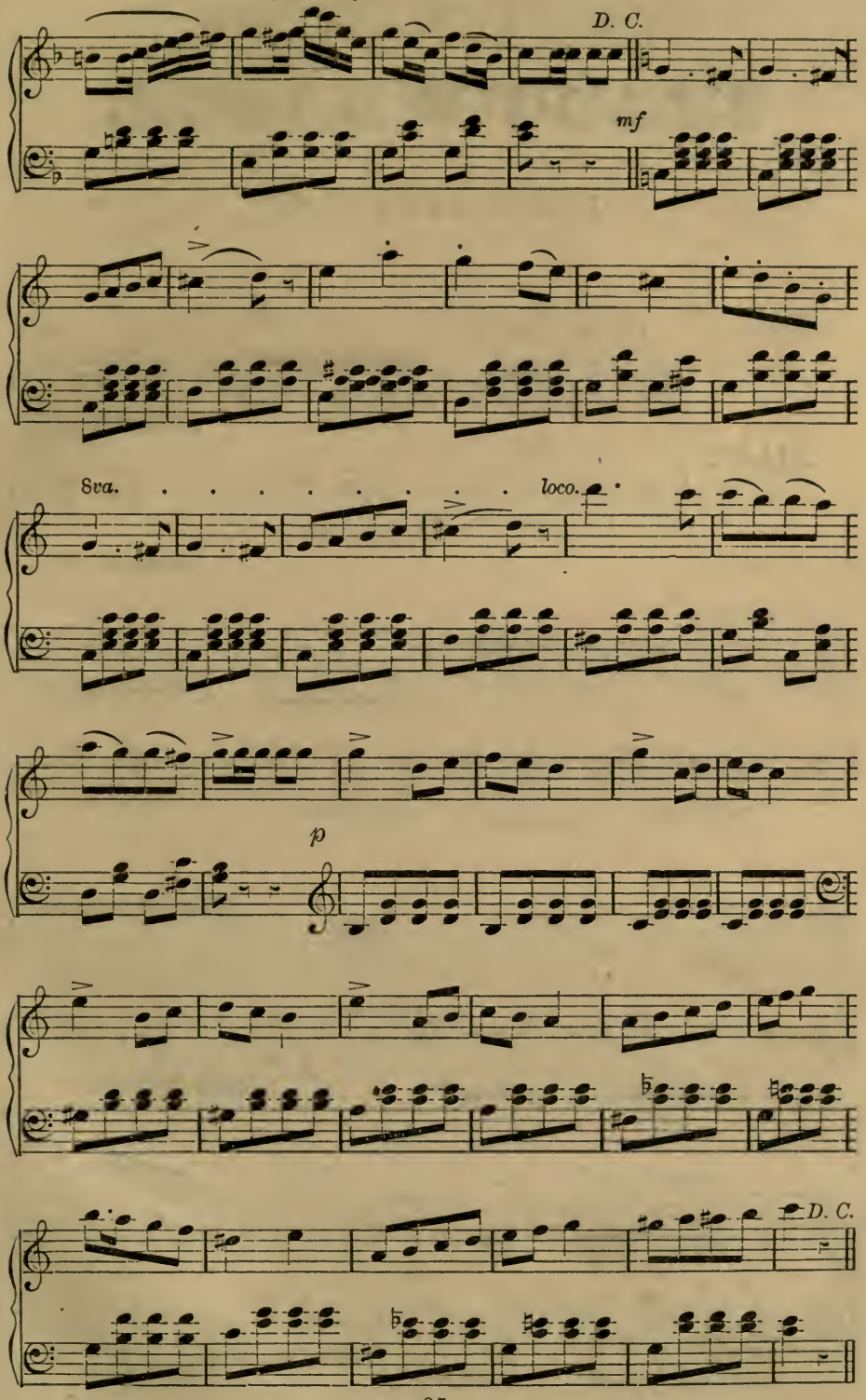
CHARLES D'ALBERT.




cres.
ff
1
2
ff
Ped.
Ped.
No. 3.
f
p
p
f
ff
D. C.

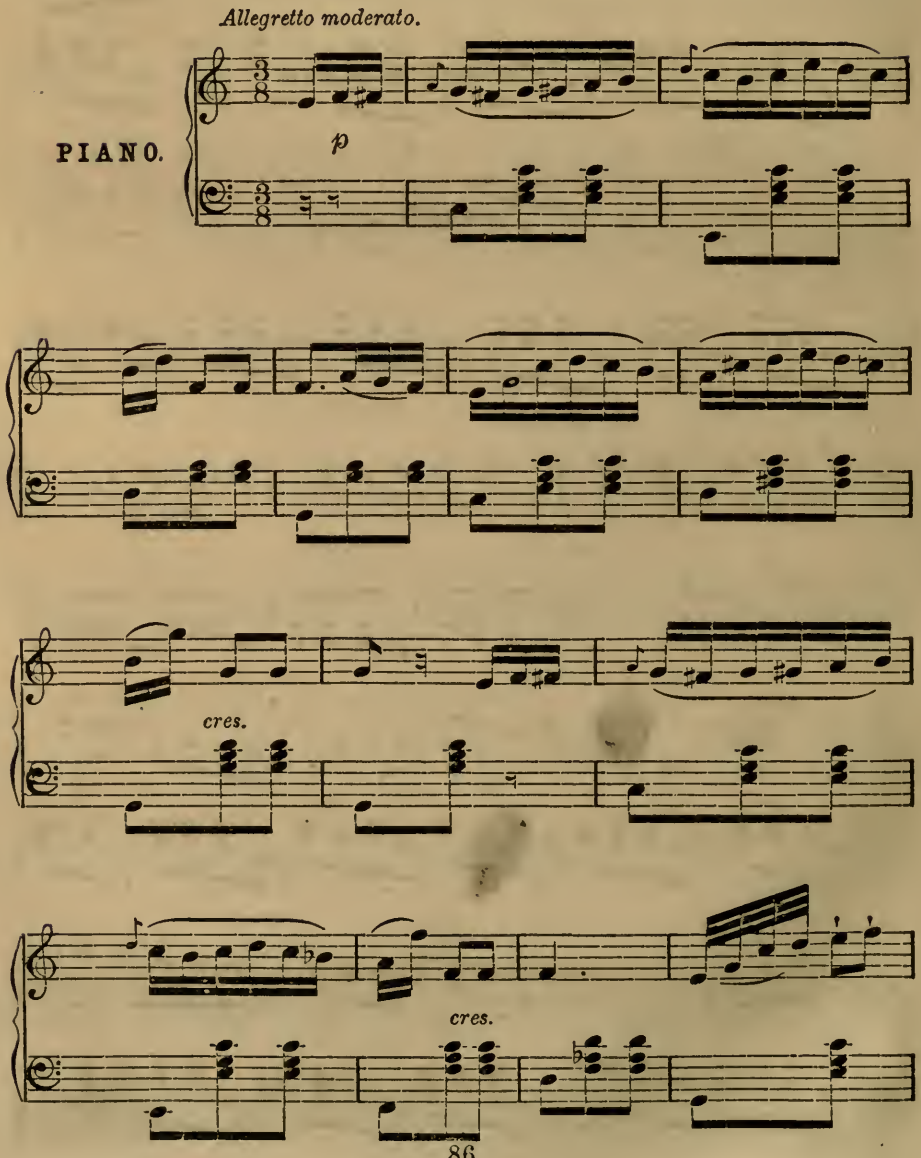
QUI VIVE GALOP.

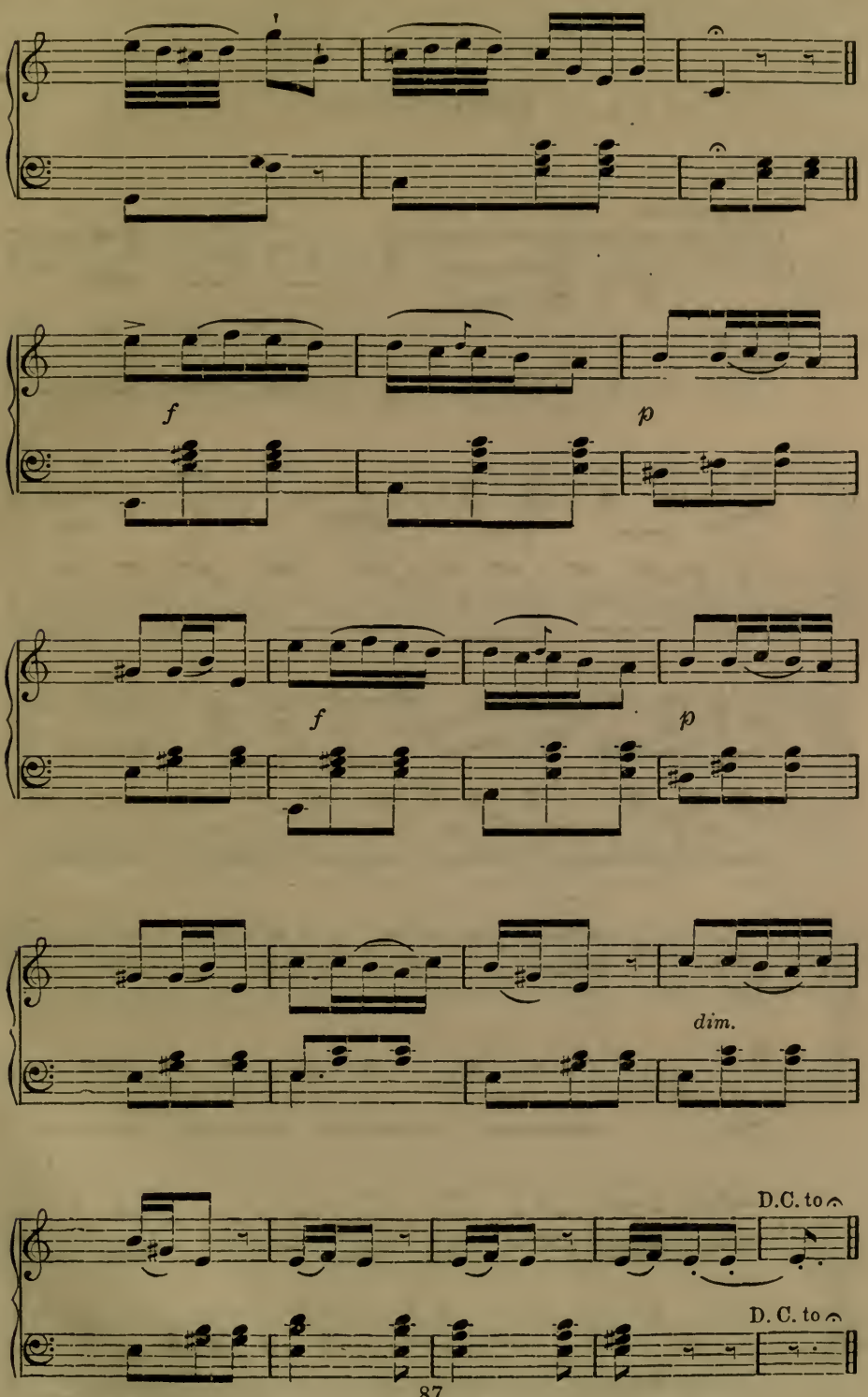



D. C.
mf
8va.
loco.
p
D. C.

SHADOW DANCE.

FROM DINORAH.

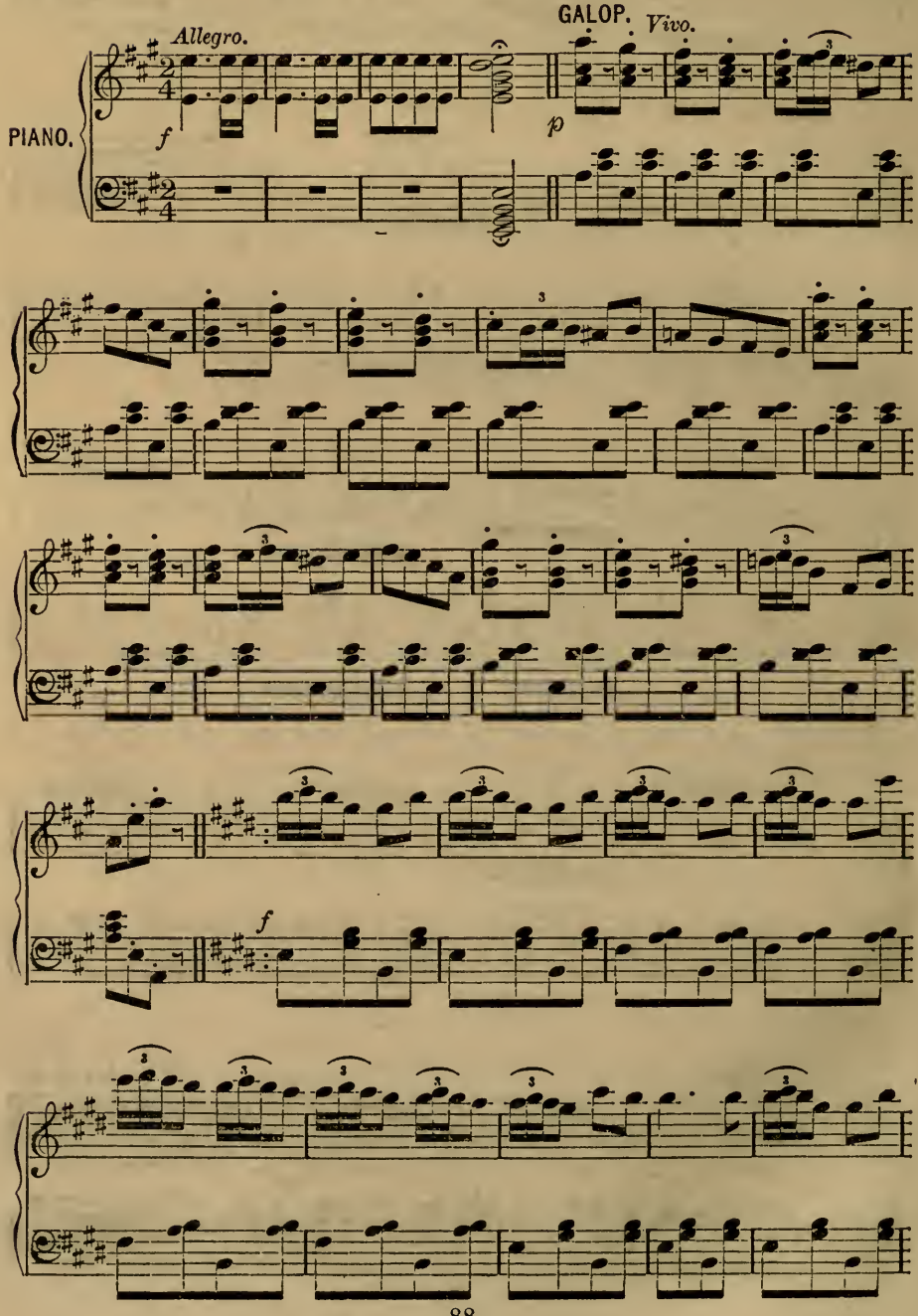


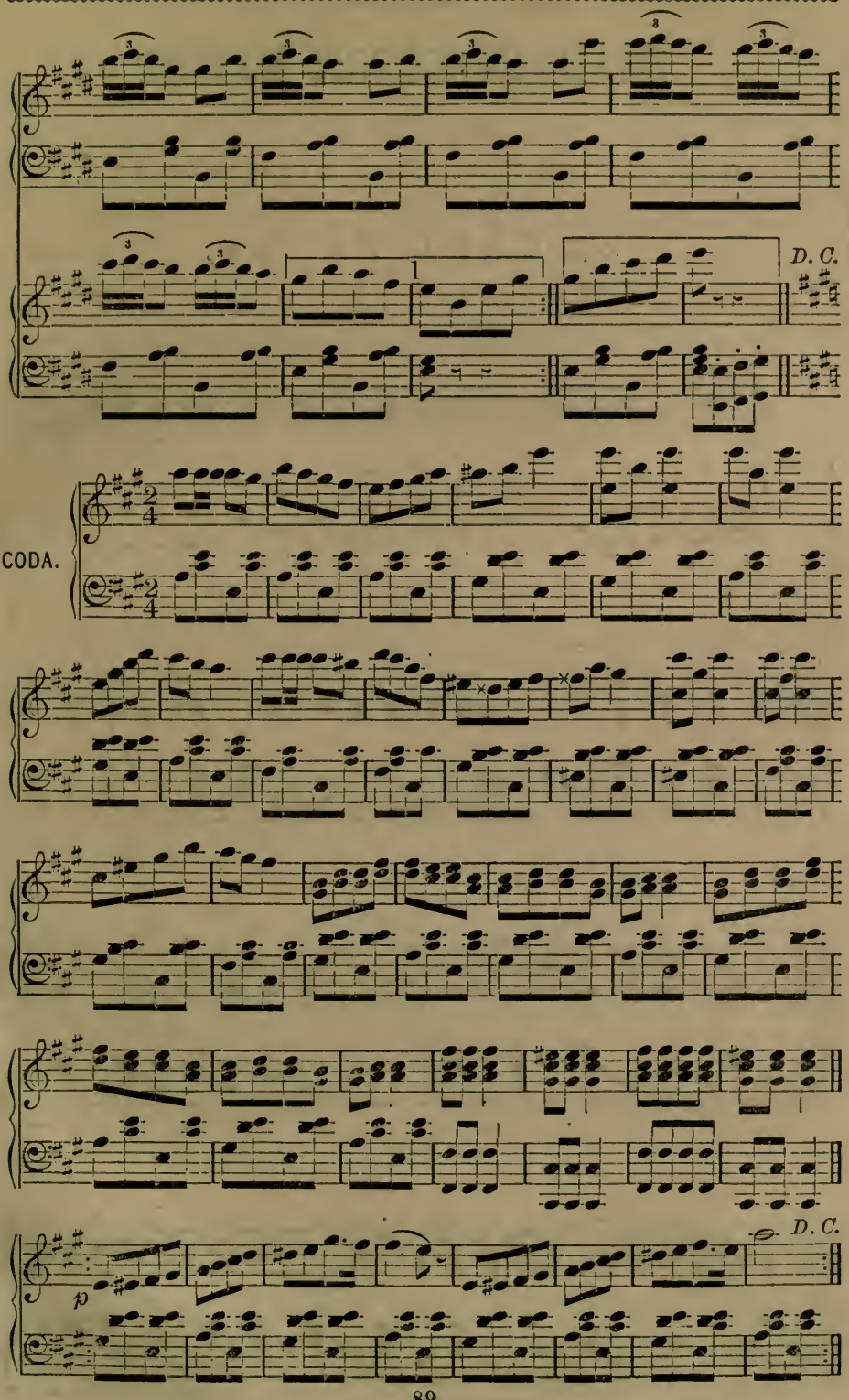

f
p
f
p
dim.
D.C. to
D. C. to

HIT AND MISS GALOP.

ON HERVE'S COMIC OPERA.

L'ŒIL CREVE.

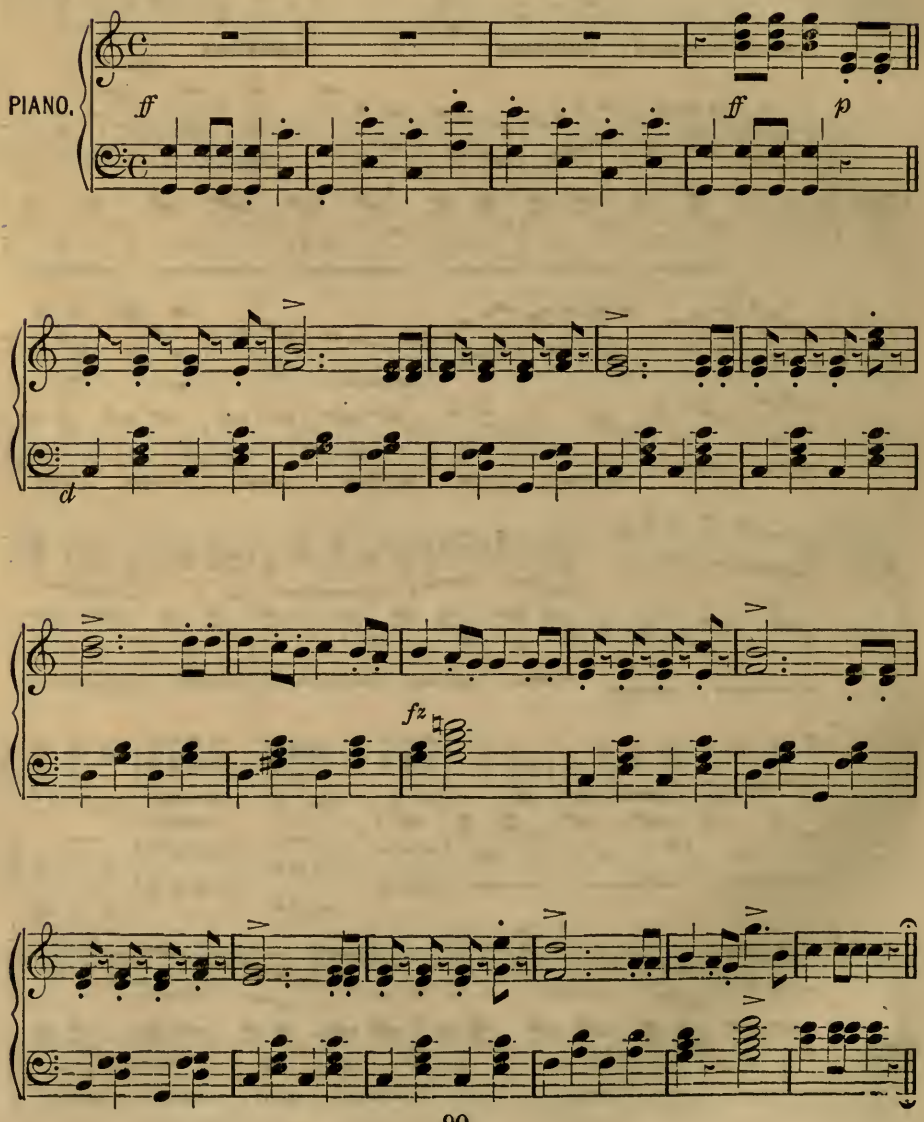


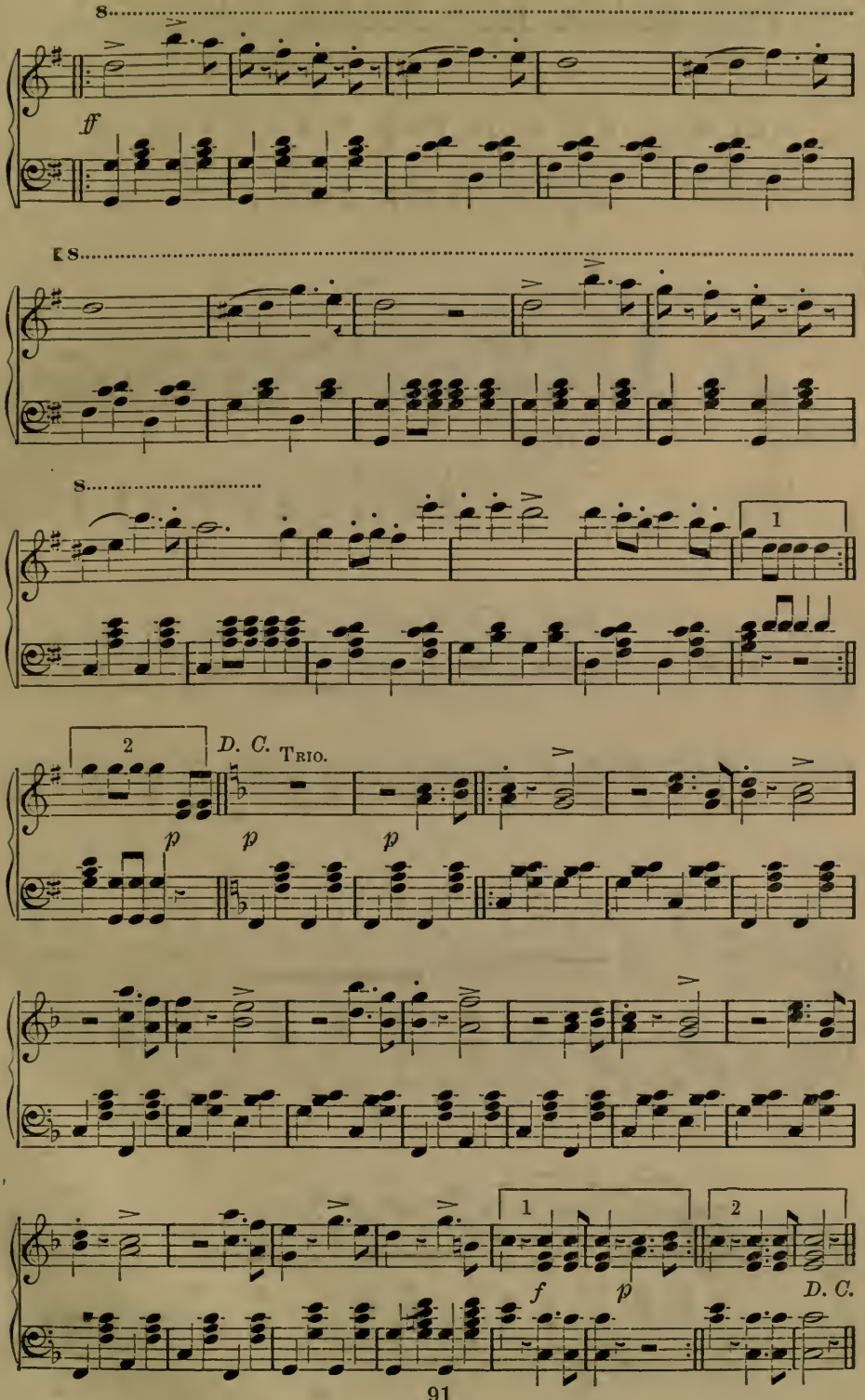

D. C.
CODA.
D. C.

SHARP-SHOOTERS' MARCH.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

By CARL FAUST.

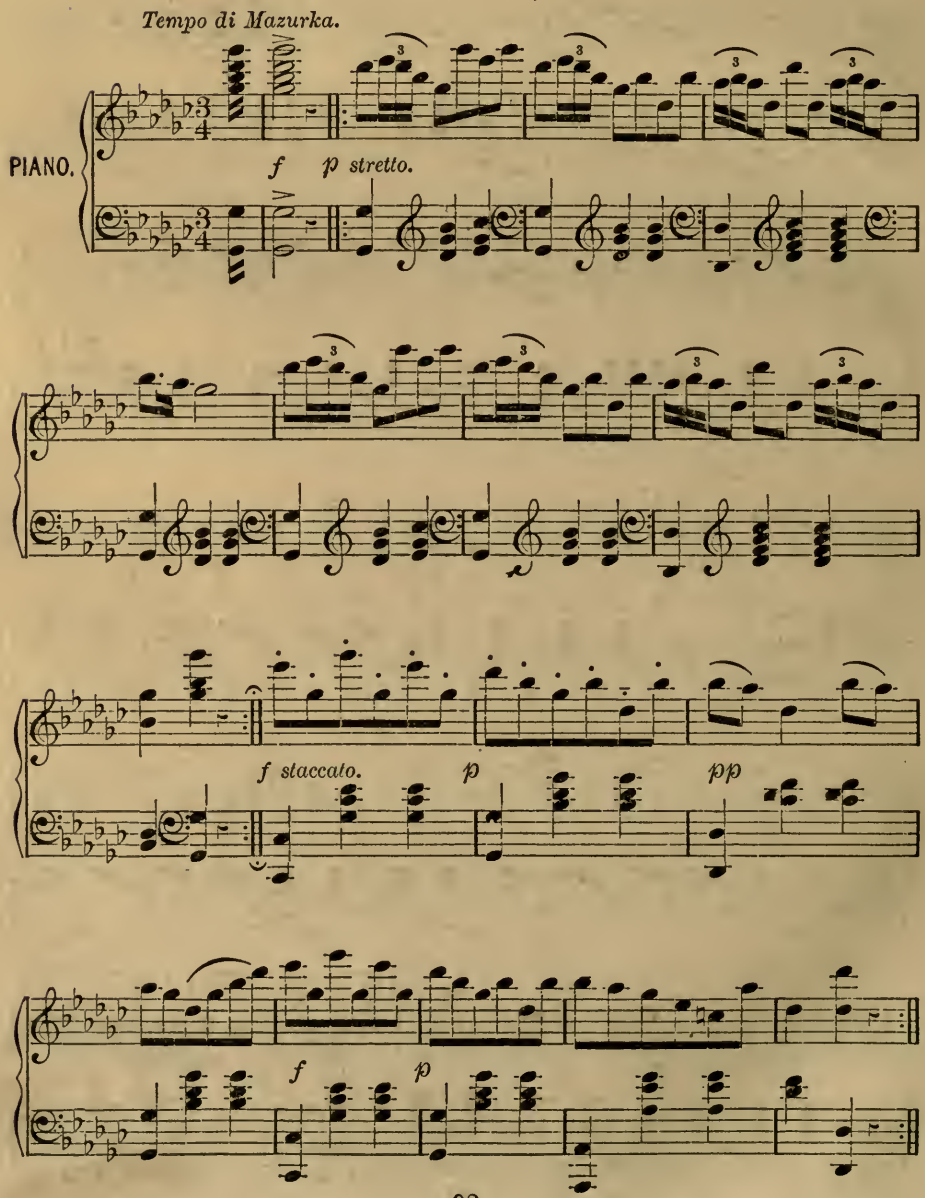


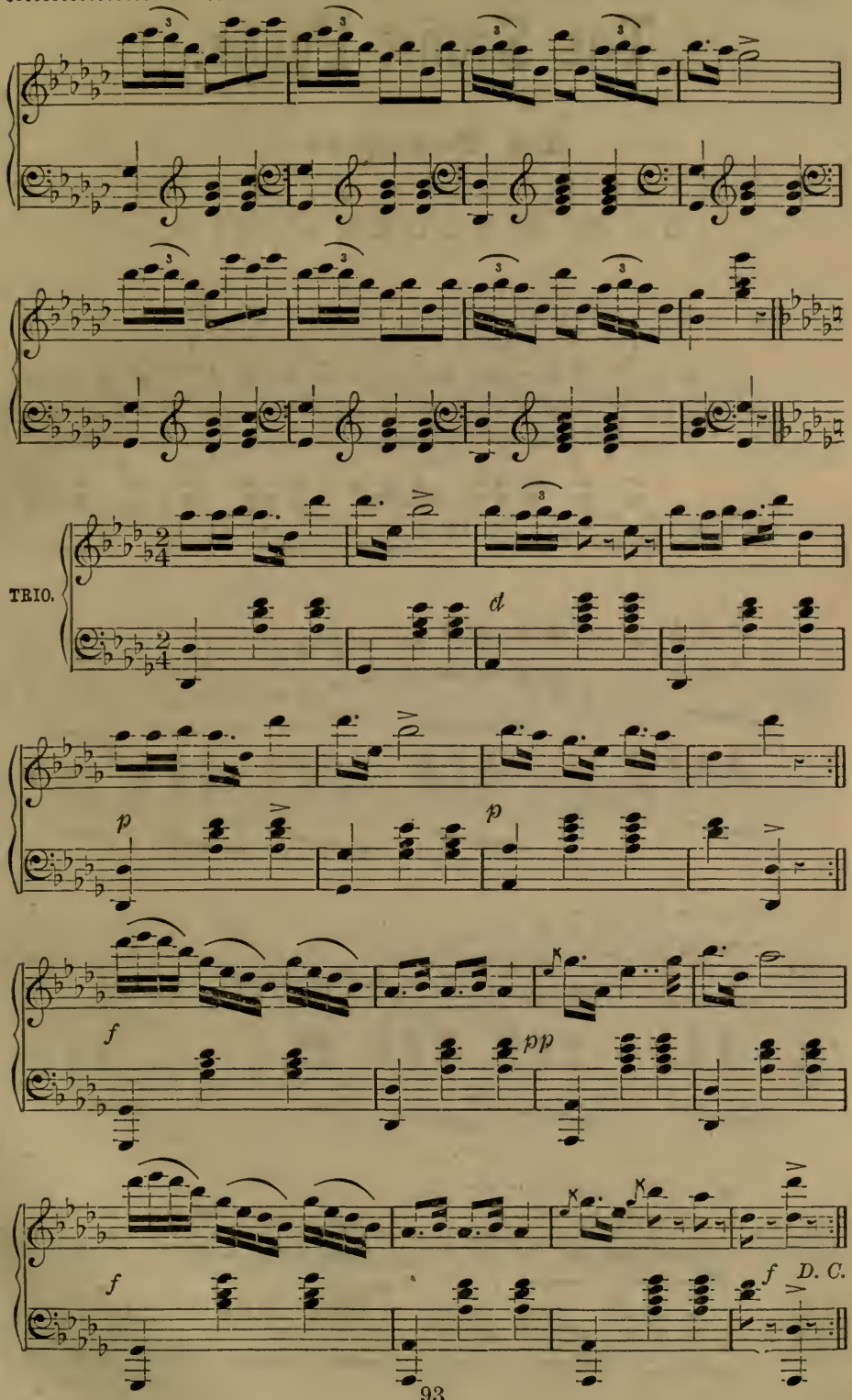

8
ff
8
8
1
2
D. C.
TRIO.
p
p
p
1
2
f
p
D. C.

THE BLACK KEY POLKA MAZURKA.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

By A. HERZOG.

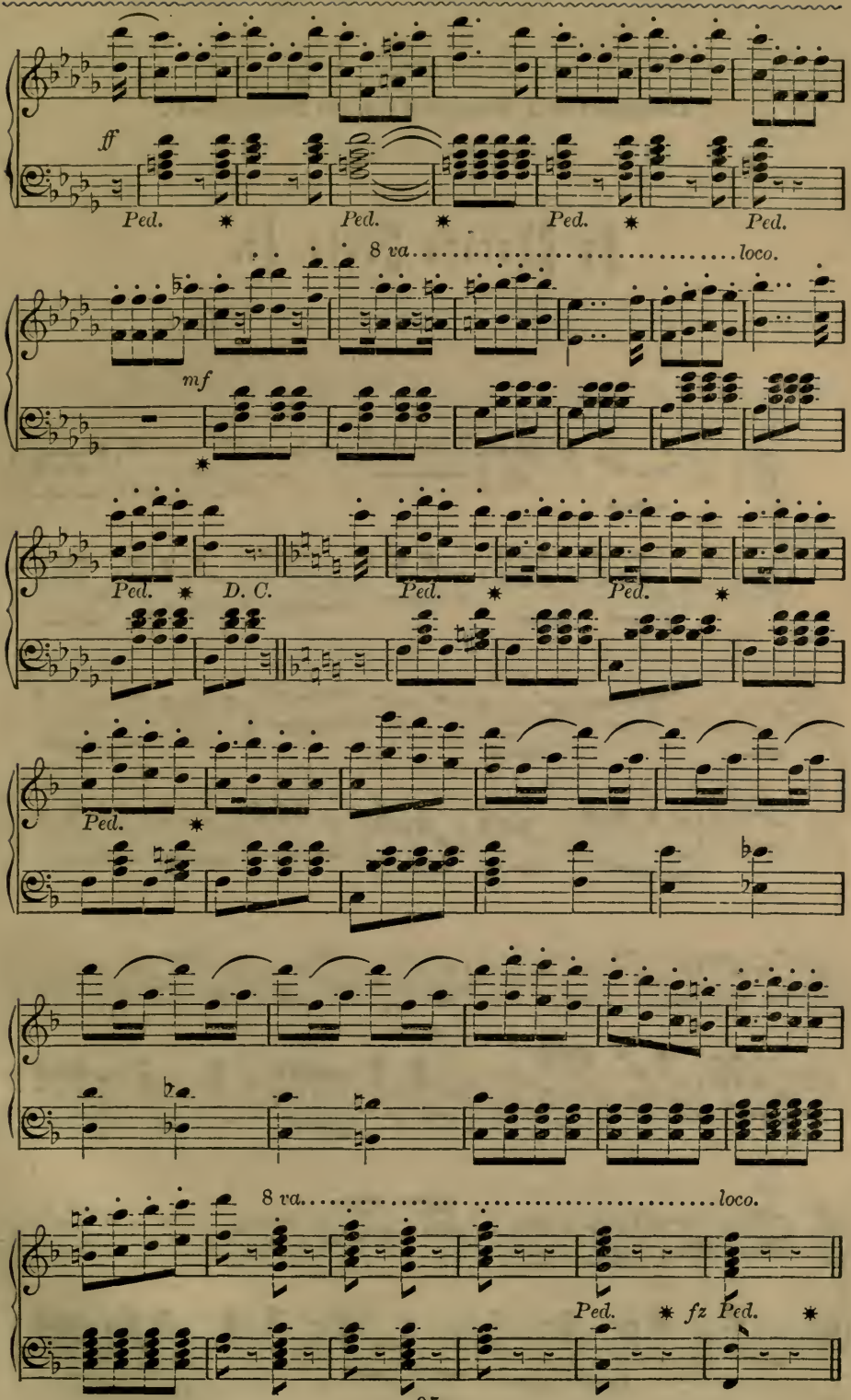



TRIO.
D. C.

The Storm Polka.

(La Tempete.)

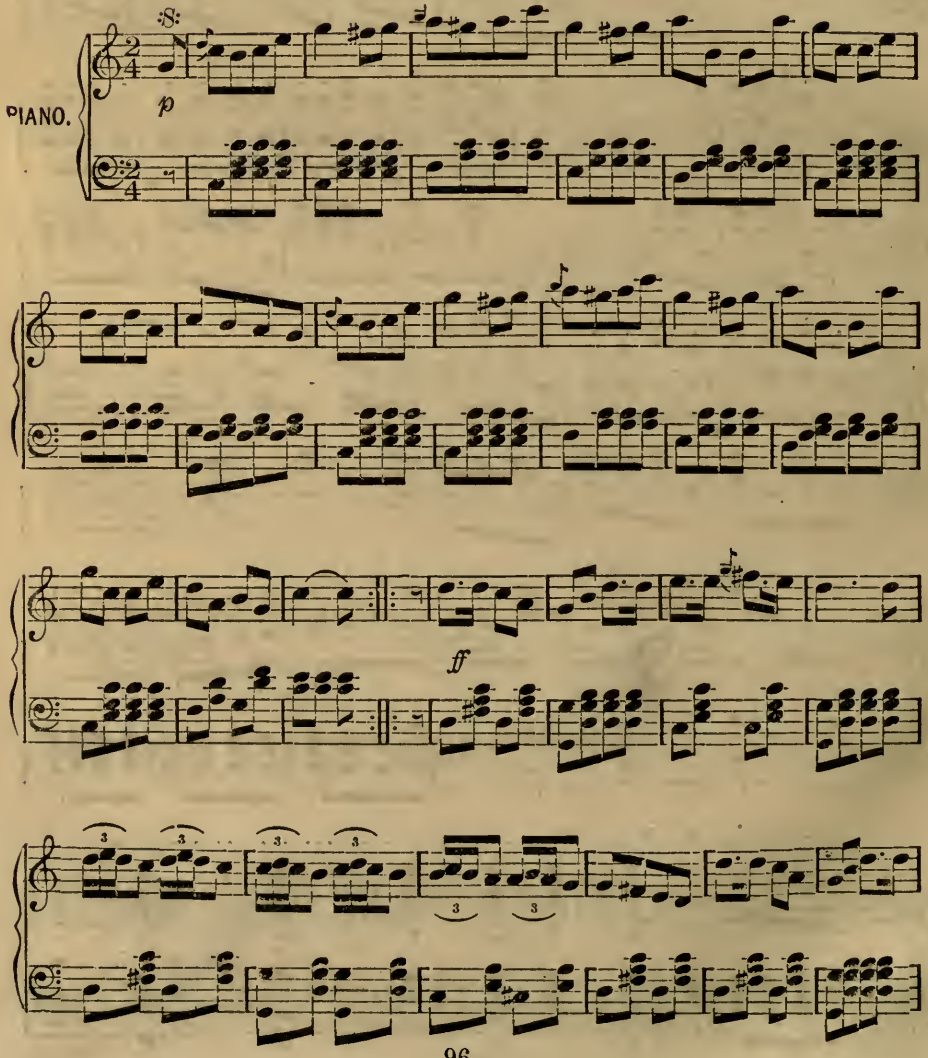
By A. WALLERSTEIN.

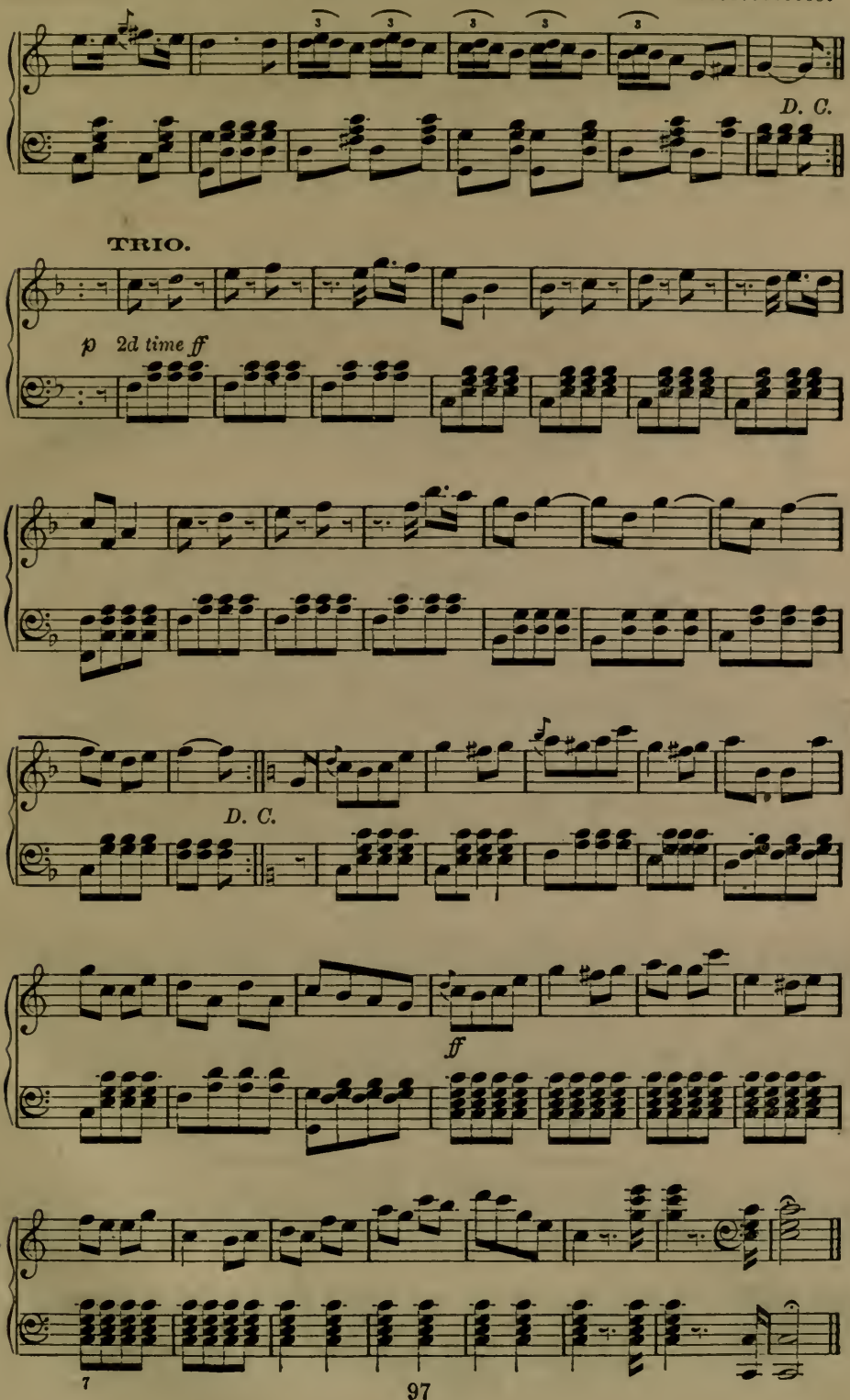

ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
8 va.....loco.
mf
Ped.
D. C.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
8 va.....loco.
Ped.
fz
Ped.

JUPITER GALOP.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By Charles Coote, Jr.




D. C.
TRIO.
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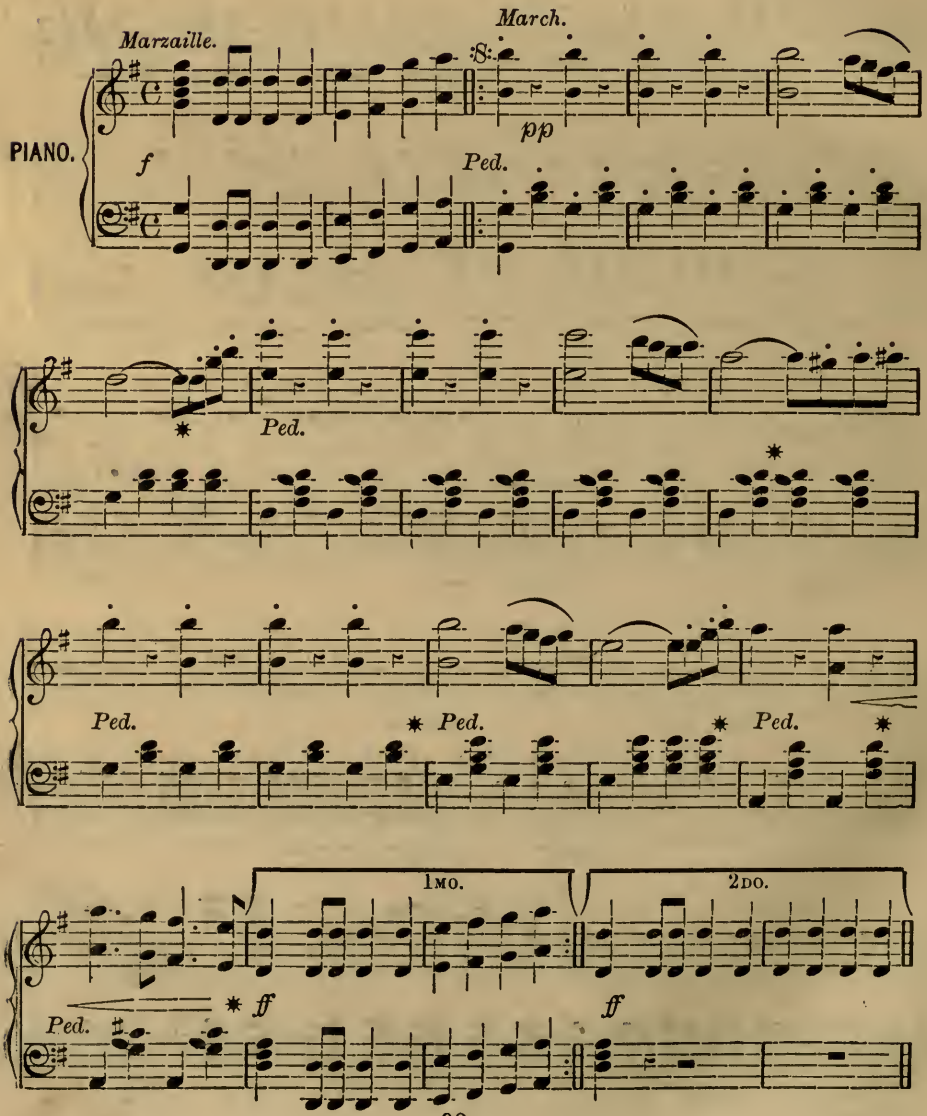
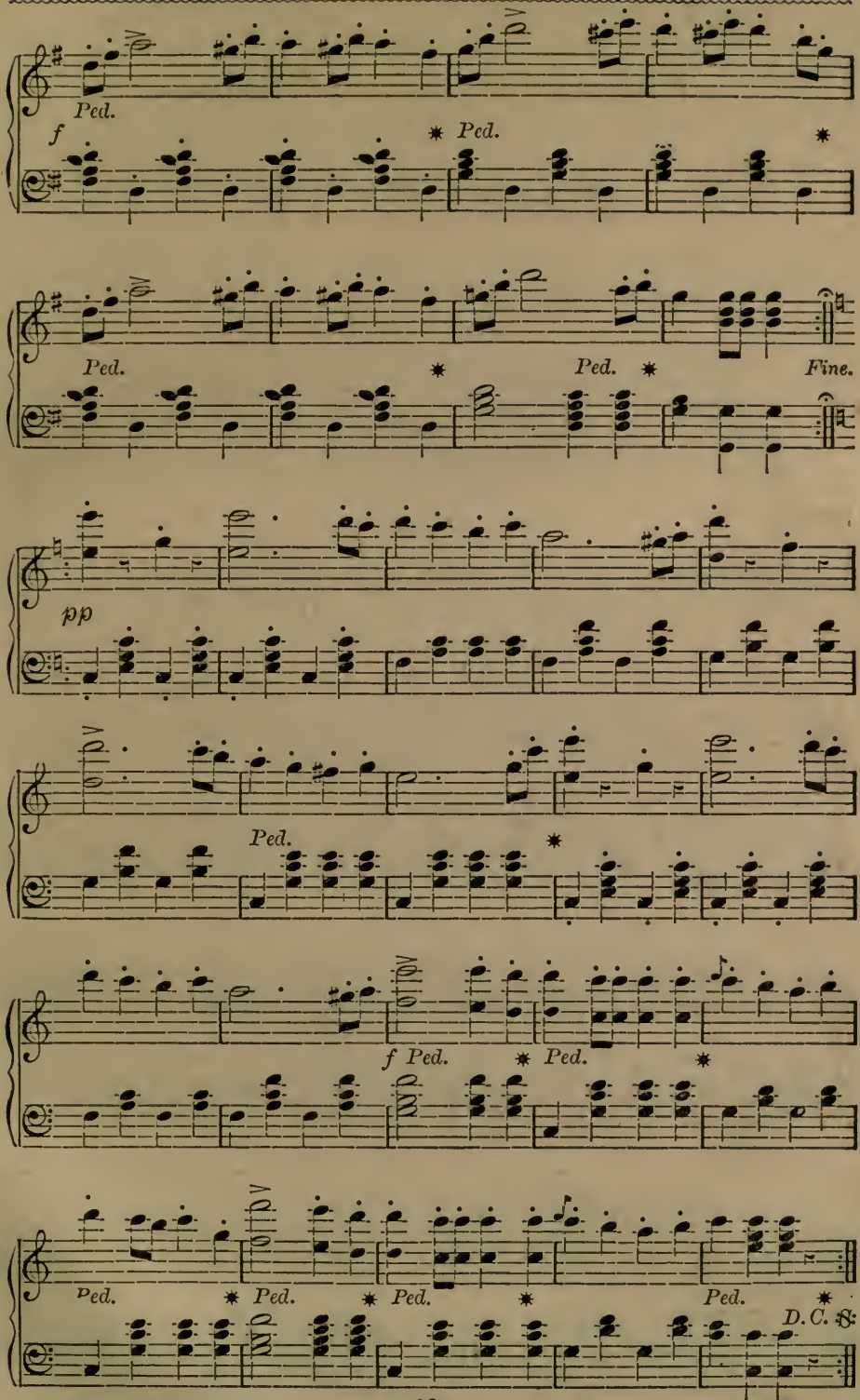
CECELIA MARCH.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By B. Bilse.

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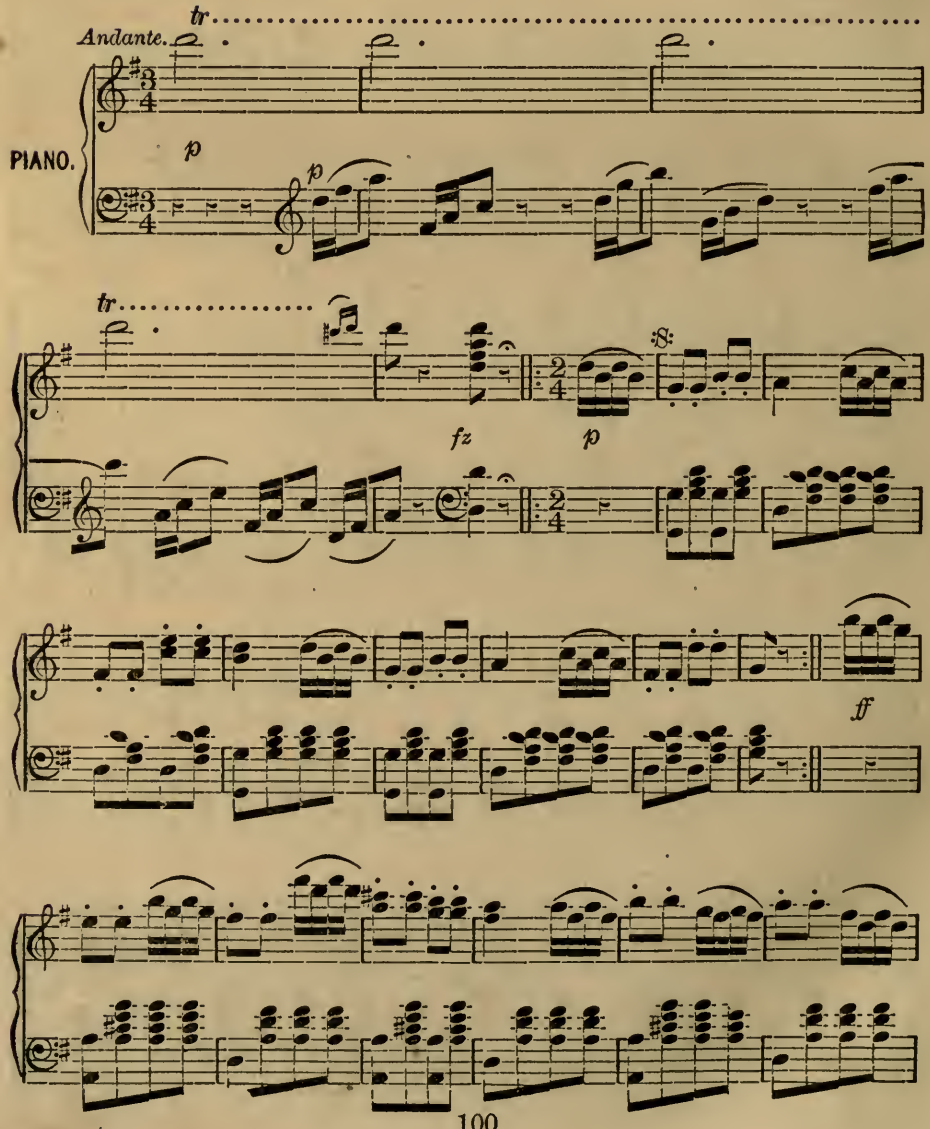
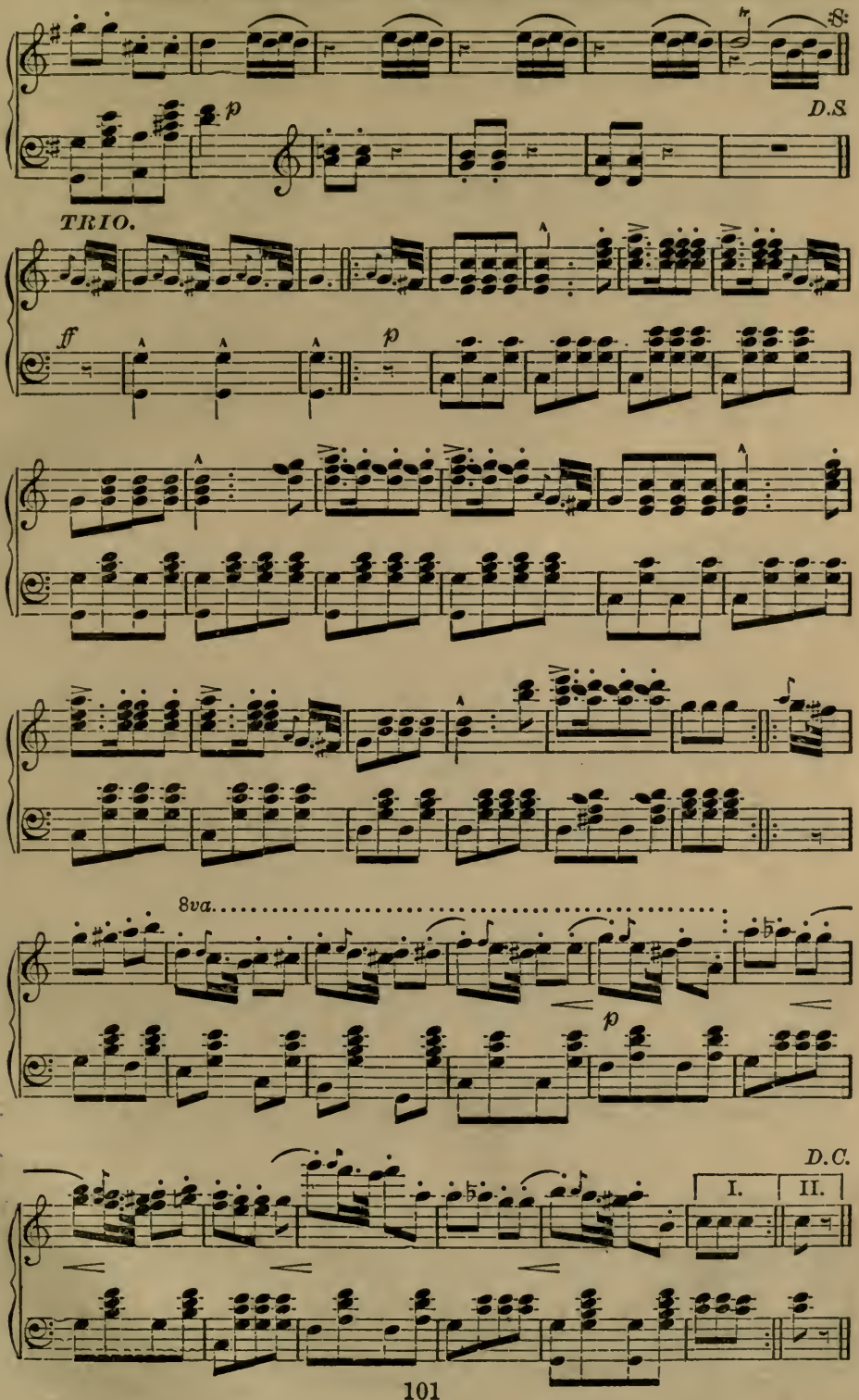
GERMAN POLKA.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By C. Faust.

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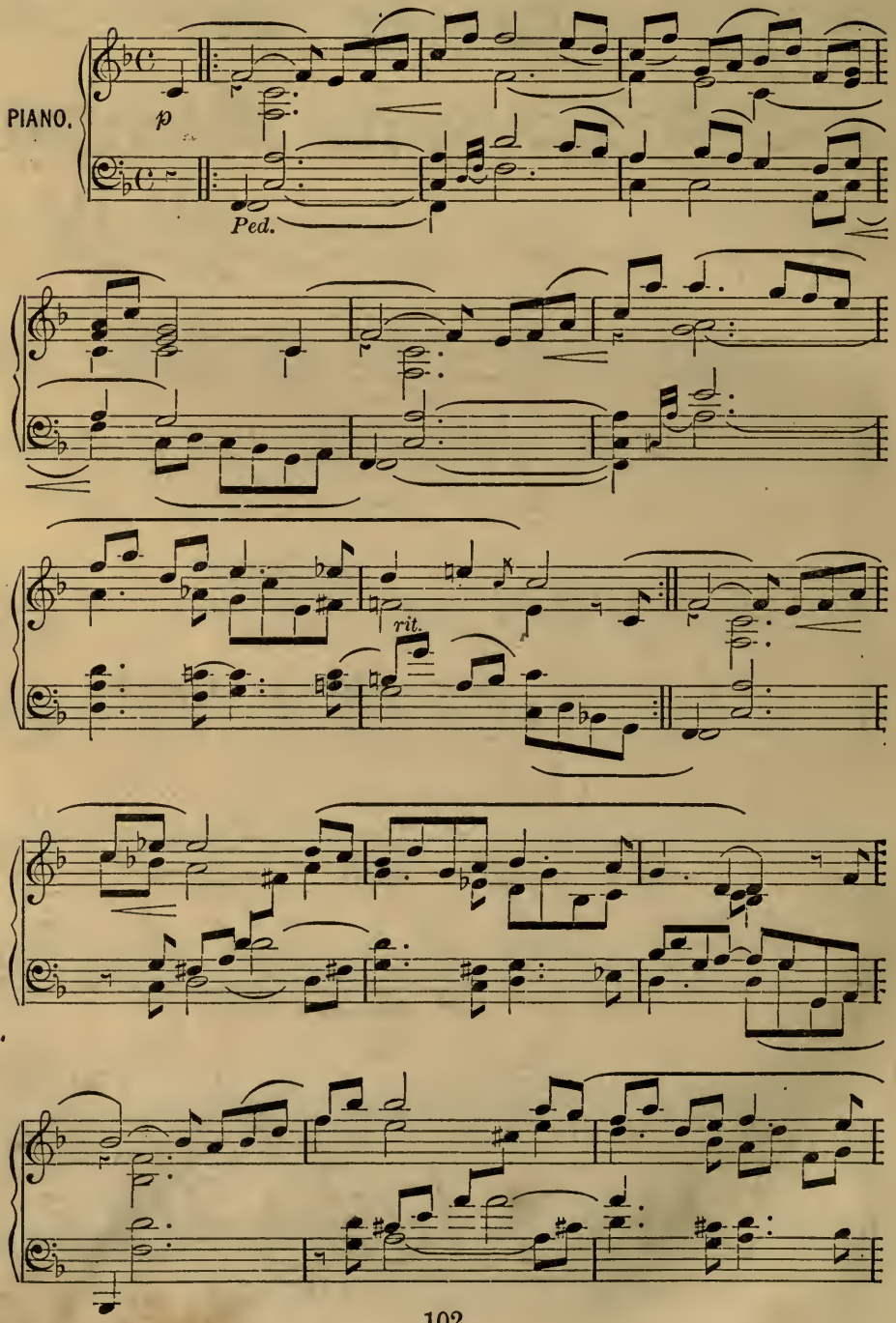
TRAUMEREI ROMANZE.

B. SCHUMANN.



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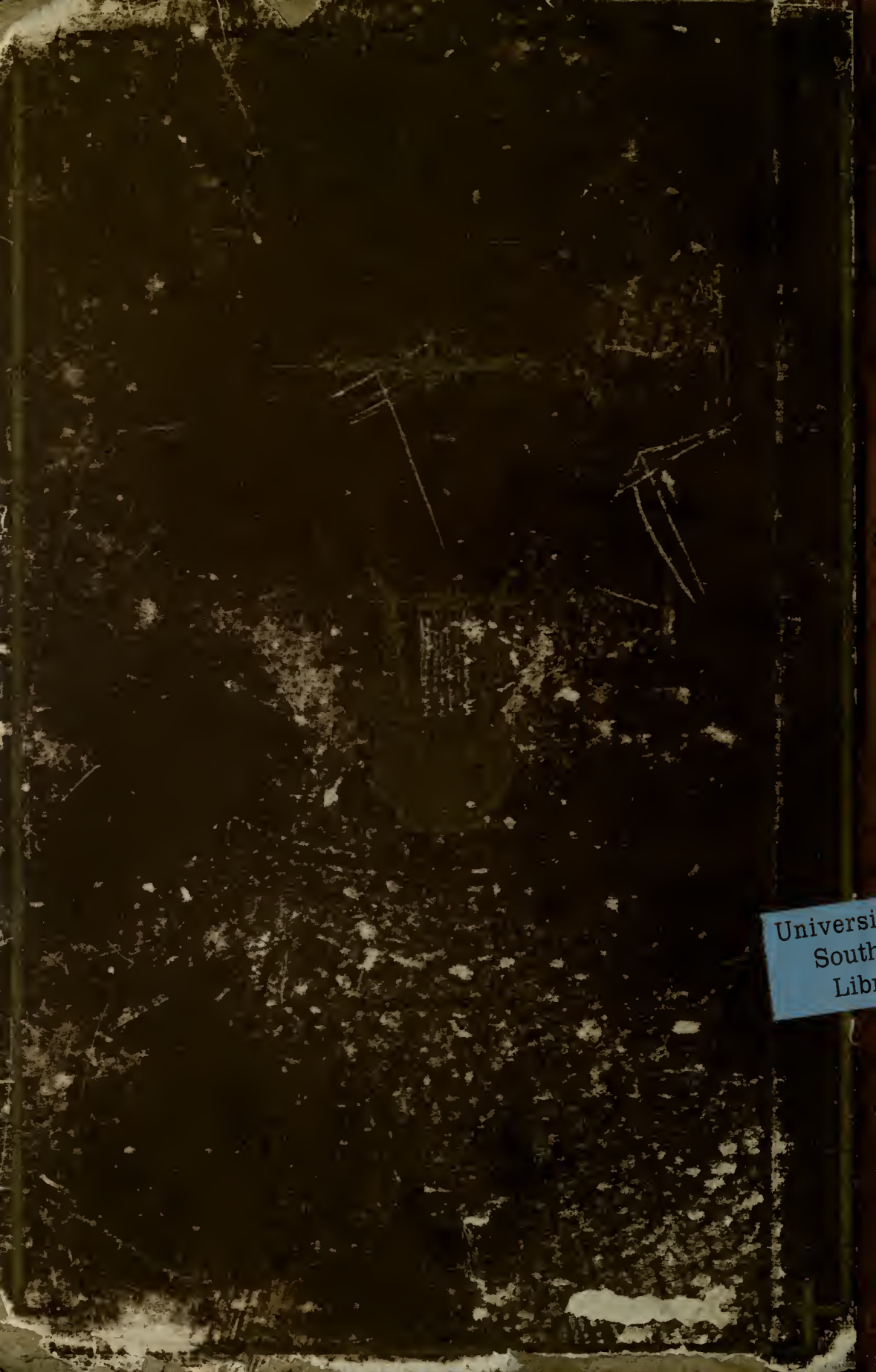
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